真・天地無用！魎皇鬼外伝

天地無用！GXP 11

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SHIN TENCHI MUYO! RYO-OHKI GAIDEN
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TENCHI MUYO! GXP 11
"...Washu-chan?"
Washu Hakubi was there as an adult. Her hair was so red that it looked like the dark hallway had caught on fire.

What was there was Kiriko, who was wearing the traditional garb of Jurai. At a glance, she had such a mature air that you would think she was Tsukiko. And something about her appearance was similar to Minaho and Funaho. She had a sophisticated air that was overflowing with the dignity of the Jurai royalty.

"!"
As everyone's attention was focused, Hakuren and Gyokuren removed the hood.

"Sister, are you going out?"
Ichigo Tatsuki looked up sadly at her sister Ringo, who she had been reading a book with.

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Chapter One: Mother and Child

On that day, the governing body of the Galaxy Federation was surrounded in an atmosphere tenser than it had ever been before. It was because of the news that Mikumo Kuramitsu, The Most Elder member of the whole Kuramitsu family was in critical condition.

Originally, the Galactic Federation was established to combine the wisdom of the Royal Academy of Jurai with the strength of the second most powerful country, Seniwa, via Mikumo Kuramitsu's private army.

This established the supporting foundation of the Galactic Federation and birthed two child organizations, The Galaxy Police and The Galaxy Academy. Having two organizations made a huge difference. The Royal Academy was owned by the nation of Jurai, but The Most Elder Kuramitsu, Mikumo Kuramitsu, was the sovereign of the 2nd largest nation. Because the private military was his alone, his death would be a great event that had the potential to alter the power structure of the Galaxy Police completely.

But getting to the point, The Eldest Kuramitsu, Mikumo, was currently under heavy criticism over the news of his condition. During the memorial at Mikumo's Estate, in the antechamber of his home, the Kuramitsu family and two other groups were seated. The second head member of the Seniwa Elder Men's Association and the second head of the Seniwa Elder Women's Associations were gathered. The reason why the second head members where present was that their presidents were Mikumo and Mikami respectively. Therefore, each of the co-chairs where here to represent their organizations.

“Why has our fatherly master invited all of us here if he is not yet ready to hand down his verdict?!” Taima Kuramitsu, who sat in the President of the Seniwa Elder Men's Association's seat, raised his voice in frustration breaking long silence.

“.....”

Usually, such acts of frustration and loud outbursts in such a sacred place wouldn't be tolerated but, neither Minami nor Mikami, nor any other family member of the Kuramitsu family had been told anything. There were only those who were saddened for the coming loss of their father, and those who felt the same doubts that were the cause for Taima's frustration.

There were several things complicating the situation this time, one of which was that Mikumo was still the head of the family. Originally, the main candidate should have already been nominated, but someone worthy to take Mikumo's place had not appeared because none could surpass his greatness. And due to Mikumo's unusually long life, no one publicly wanted the appearance of assuming the nomination until he was finally deceased. So naturally, the result was a last minute nomination.

Of course, there were similar situations in the past. Upon receiving the news of the current head of the family's serious condition, their descendants convened together in his final moments to

bear witness to the death of the head of the family. Then their verdict was passed down and one person waiting in the room was bequeathed the title. If the person who was left the title was still young then a candidate was left an adult proxy in the will.

But at this time everyone in the antechamber was continuing to wait for a will to be passed down. It seemed like it was taking forever to name a successor during what was an emergency situation. It was natural and justified that some of them were getting angry. Taima was especially frustrated because he was confident that he was going to be called first, and he was waiting for that ecstatic moment. And if no word was received and Mikumo collapsed, then the first born would automatically inherit the position. If that happened, there was the possibility of a civil war breaking out.

“THIS IS BULLSHIT!” Taima's frustration had reached its limit.

Even though he was the Vice Chairman of the Seniwa Elder Men's committee, Taima was not of full Seniwan descent. This was the second reason that Taima was confident in his estimation of the possibility of him being nominated by Mikumo to be the next head of the family.

The first reason was, simply put, Mikumo Kuramitsu's controversial ideology. Although Taima was a humanoid, the appearance of his white skin and green eyes made it obvious that he was mixed with the DNA of humanoid from a different star system. He was also in the direct line of succession to the Kuramitsu line, but for a long time he was a long way from the top. However, thanks to Mikumo's achievements of becoming the driving force in establishing the GP and the Galactic Federation, Mikumo had much more influence than the actual owner of Seniwa within the Galactic Federation.

Particularly in the GP, which was one of the two major organizations supporting the Galactic Federation, Mikumo's private army was the mother body, so even for the head of Seniwa, it was virtually impossible to impose their will without going through Mikumo's approval first.

As the number of members to the Galactic Federation increased to counter the pirates, and its scale started to expand rapidly, Seniwa's voice within the Galactic Federation gradually became smaller. Jurai was also lagging behind. Contrarily though, Mikumo, who was the secretary general of the Galactic Federation, gained an even bigger voice.

The Seniwa Elder Men's committee and the Seniwa Elder Women's committee, in response to the unexpected power reversal, felt they were in crisis. So, they approached the head of the Kuramitsu family at the time, and Mikumo when he finally received the nomination. Because of this Mikumo emphasized the ability of others, and not the bloodline, and he began to respect the opinions of the Elder Men’s Association and the Elder Women's Association.

Although Mikumo emphasized ability, the direct line of succession of the Kuramitsu family was still the best for nomination. But because this was about picking Mikumo's successor in particular and not someone else's, it was better for the successor to have as many possible elements of both to convince everyone. And both Elder’s Associations were of the same opinion.

The birth of Mikami showed signs of breaking down the long-lasting deadlock. She was the first born of her family and she was expected to take the position from a young age, she was initially thought of as being the right person for the position by Mikumo as well as the Elder's Associations, but in Mikami's youth, she demonstrated a tremendous amount of foolishness and showed that she was willing to start fights regardless of her opponent and then finally Jurai took an extremely aggressive position against her. As such, it became clear that naming Mikami head of the family wouldn't proceed. They decided to wait and keep watch as she grew into her adulthood to see if she would change her character.

But Mikumo's lifetime wouldn't last forever. As his age advanced, Mikumo's participation in politics decreased due to old age. That began to cause the reversal of the power between Mikumo and the heads of the Seniwan state. Of course, there were many people who were interested in the well-being of the Mikumo administration, but many people were dissatisfied with the feeling of impedance against matters that were deadlocked for so long. So, eventually it became the Elders Associations' opinion that Mikami's younger brother Minami should be position as the next family leader.

Mikami was obviously superior to even Mikumo as a family head, Minami was also prominent in terms of talent, and moreover, Minami was straight forward and easy to control and was thought to be a convenient choice by the Elders' Association. Mikumo, who ultimately was to make the decision, didn't dispute that opinion. It became a decisive matter, Minami became the main contender for the candidacy for a while. But Minami had caused a scandal that saw him demoted to the position of head of ship maintenance of the GP, and it created a big shadow on the appointment of him as the successor.

* * * **Translators' note: OVA 3. He authorized the use of the Chobimaru against Earth. * * ***

The next candidate was the child of Minami, but Mitoto was personally unsuitable for the position and her husband Nakita was Minami's adopted son-in-law.

* * * **Translators' note: Implying Nakita is unfit because he was only Minami's adopted son-in-law but it also sort of implies he is unfit because he is the kind of person who married Mitoto. * * ***

His granddaughter Mihoshi, suffered from a mental disorder caused by past trauma and her treatment was ongoing, therefore, she couldn't be a candidate. Her brother Misao was still too young, and because Mikami had no children, there was no one else who could be nominated as the head of the Kuramitsu family at that time.

"Of course, Mikami or Minami will ultimately be the Head of family, but in meantime I am the vice chair of the Elder Men's Association they should have already named me the as their proxy." Taima had also served as the head of the GP in the past, and still maintained heavy responsibilities within the operations of the GP; And since he had also been acting as Mikumo's representative in the council, it was natural for him to think that. But never the less...

Click clack click...

At that moment, the sound of someone walking reverberated from a corridor which should have been silent. The sounds of the footsteps were easily discernible as being too composed and elegant to be that of one of Mikumo's servants.

“Who Is That!?”

All the people in the room became nervous and looked confused as soon as they heard the footsteps. It was as if the footsteps were filled with the dignity of the Lord of that house. Was Mikumo making an appearance? It confused everyone. But the footsteps were coming from a corridor in the direction opposite to the room where Mikumo was. Everyone in between was the elite of Seniwa, but their combined strength did not save them from the confusion caused by these footsteps.

“Who Is that!?” He was convinced that the footsteps were not Mikumo's, but still Taima was embarrassed to even have to ask this question. He had a bad feeling that it was someone coming to tell everyone that no decision would ever be made. But of course, no such thing was happening.

– – – That was just a figment of his imagination.

Taima thought that at least the confusion would settle if the person behind the footsteps appeared and identified themselves. But that wasn't the case.

Boom – – –

The doors opened, Taima’s eyes and mouth opened wide, and he was stunned when he saw the figure of the person who was standing in the doorway. Of course, the same was true for the other members of the Kuramitsu family.

“... Washu-chan?” Mihoshi, who was half in tears, had a stupefied expression on her face as she tilted her head. There was Hakubi Washu standing in the back of the dark corridor, upon her adult figure with her splendid red hair that looked like the fire in the fireplace had jumped out of the fireplace and onto her head.

“Welcome, Washu-sama.” Mikami had stood up near the door when she heard footsteps and was waiting for Washu. And she greeted her as if she was the lord of this house.

“... WHAT...? No way ... Why?” The meaning of that word by Taima is complicated.

– – – Why are you alive?
– – – Why have you reveled it just now?
– – – Why did you come here?

Rumors of Washu's survival had always been whispered. However, it had been five thousand years since she went missing. Her existence was only a legend, and in fact there were very few

whose legacies had survived as long. Of course, Taima was a part of a generation that had never seen Washu. The rumor had an implied level of fear of Washu directly attached to it. The rumor that she was alive was on same as level of that of Bigfoot, vampires, and the Chupacabra, it was trash tabloid level idle gossip.

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"...Washu-chan?"
Washu Hakubi was there as an adult. Her hair was so red that it looked like the dark hallway had caught on fire.

Although he had not actually met her, enormous amounts of video material on Washu was still available and there was no doubt that the person in front of him was Washu, at least in appearance. Of course, appearance was proof of nothing, in a world where technologies existed that could change as much as anything were commonplace. But a woman who could unnerve Taima with just her footsteps alone couldn't be just anyone, much less a woman who, with only her eyes could impart such a tremendous and overwhelming presence. When he noticed Washu's presence, Taima understood in an instant how it was that were people who worshiped and feared Washu and nothing but Washu.

But what was important was why Washu had shown up in this place at this time, why now? After all, Washu was a person who was on Jurai's side during the time of the Imperial Academy, which was when they were hostile towards Seniwa. As expected, in the present day and age, the hostile relationship between Jurai and Seniwa had diminished, and among those of Mitoto's generation, those sentiments towards Jurai had almost completely disappeared.

However, here she was now. In the middle of Seniwa, where Mikumo was dying. He couldn't figure out what condolences she would have to give, or how she had gotten into a place where few people were allowed. But regardless, it was natural that anyone would be perplexed if there was a legendary philosopher who had been missing for five thousand years in front of them.

“How unpleasant, who let that woman in here?” Taima, who was finally recovering from his shocked state, remembered something important. That was the fact that this place was the most important place in Seniwa. Naturally, it had highest level of security, and even government officials were unable to trespass into this place.

“... Ms. Mikami, you said you were “waiting for something”, who was it?”

Mikami knew something he didn't - and that frustrated Taima. He stared at Mikami. Taima found Mikami's actions very disrespectful, and this only strengthened his confidence in receiving the position, but the situation began to move beyond what he expected.

A door to Mikumo's private room opened, it flooded the room with light it was like the Gate of Celestial Rock Cave. A woman who was Mikumo's secretary and nurse came out like Amaterasu and said, "Hurry up, Washu Hakubi ... Come now, please come in."

Mikumo, who had been ailing for a long time, rarely attended official business, and so the communication of his intentions came through his nurse. In other words, her word was Mikumo's intention, and he was calling for Washu.

"What!? Wait a moment! WHY IS THIS WOMAN HERE AND WHO IS SHE!?"

"You petulant child, please wait here quietly, this will be over soon."

"What!!?"

Taima, tried to run up to the nurse but was frozen in place by a gaze from Washu. Washu bowed to those in the waiting room and went with the nurse. The door closed.

"... What ... What is the meaning of this, Mikami!" Taima, freed from the intimidating pressure when the door closed, glared at Mikami.

Mikami delivered an answer with a kick so hard it could have thrown open the giant doors of the room all by itself. Of course, the other Kuramitsu's also wanted to know and were just as in shock.

"... ... Taima-dono, don't you know that everyone, even your honorable father, is descended from both a father and a mother?

"How can this be ... ... Is this real!? Is it even possible ...?"

Washu's green eyes overlapped with that of Mikumo's in everyone's head.

"Miss Washu Hakubi ... is our honorable father Mikumo's Mother."

"... ...What!!?" Taima who understood the situation became silent.

"This is a terrible scandal! It would make quite a fuss if it was known to the outside that that the founder of the GP was the son of Washu Hakubi. It would seem as if the GP was under the control of the academy." Taima wasn't the only one who thought this.

"We must prevent this fact from leaking to the outside." Taima said with his eyes vacant. He headed to a nearby sofa and sat down exhausted.

There was one thing Taima boasted about. That was that he had the same green eyes as Mikumo. Originally the Kuramitsu clan was characterized by their blue eyes, even if they were married to non-family members it was handed down with a high probability. Even Mikumo's decedents

rarely had green eyes, so Taima boasted about it. But now that he knew they came from Washu Hakubi his self-image was severely confused.

“... Mikami. This situation cannot be known to outsiders.”

“Well, just remember, If you don't start anything, then there's no reason for her to start anything.”

“I understand!”

The easiest way around situation was to make Washu disappear. But to do that to someone like her was impossible. She was like walking fortress. Her collective body of works and technology was powerful enough to destroy even planetary scale ships. And the fact that Washu was Mikumo's mother would put a damper on anyone planning to do such a thing.

“But... that depends on what she chooses to do. Don't you agree?” War against Washu would hinge on whether or not she agreed to their terms.

“If Washu breaks our conditions, will the rest of the Kuramitsu also cooperate with me?”

“Of course they will.” Mikami said. Taima crossed his arms and sunk deeper into the sofa.

Suddenly the bell on the roof of Mikumo's House began to ring.

Washu entered the room about thirty minutes later. It was a sign of Mikumo's death.

“Oh!!”

No one had gotten to see him beforehand but her and there was a deep sorrow that had enveloped the room.

Taima gave a silent and short prayer, but he quickly stared at the door. He was concerned about the progress of the will. The news of Mikumo's death would soon be transmitted throughout the Galactic Federation as well as Seniwa, and many funerals ceremonies would be held.

As Taima's patience was about to reach its limit, the door of Mikumo's room opened heavily and Washu and the nurse came out. Taima and Mikami got up quickly and greeted them with a bow.

“..... Well then, I shall convey to you the last will and testament of Mikumo Kuramitsu.” Washu said as everyone listened intently. “The next heir to be the head of household, the next head of the Kuramitsu family, is Minami Kuramitsu.”

“Oh!!” There were two people who gasped, Minami and Taima, and for totally different reason; Minami was surprised at being nominated, Taima was disappointed.

“... ... The personnel of the Elder Women's Association will continue in its current state, the men's will vacate the position of the President.”

“What?!” Taima hadn't expected this.

“The chairman of the Elder Men’s Association will be vacant, and we will continue to operate with Kuramitsu Mikami and Kuramitsu Taima as the secondary seats. The next president will be appointed when it's judged that the right time has come. This has the Elders' Women's Association, and Washu Hakubi's approval ... and finally, Mikumo's body will be managed by Washu Hakubi.”

“What!!?” At that moment, Taima's head nearly exploded.

The corpse management should have been handled by the Men's Council. The next head should also have served as head of the council. But no one was to serve and those who handled the body held substantial rule over Seniwa while they did. Which was an important factor in choosing the president.

“... It's over ... Who objects?” Everyone was silent in Washu's line of sight.

“There seems to be no objection, so we leave both Kuramitsu Mikami and Kuramitsu Taima, to fulfill their obligations.” At Washu's words, they all bowed and left the room to prepare for the funeral.

Minami, who was nominated for the next term, was waiting to meet with the heads of state. Various confusion and doubt remained, but the problem of corpse management for Mikumo was solved.

“... Well, do you have something you want to ask?” Washu said once the bell on Mikumo's house stopped ringing. The bell to convey the news of the results was heard faintly in the distance.

“There is no mistake in the content of the will?” Taima asked, not to Washu directly, but to the nurse who was behind her. The nurse was in a sense, was a substitute for Mikumo.

“... I am ok with us following the will, but it will cause trouble if we announce to the public that you are the mother of the fatherly master.”

“I'm tired of wearing this motherly face that I had to put on this morning, but I'm relieved since I was able to see him for one last parting. I will not participate in the funeral.” In spite of Taima's rude attitude, Washu answered while smiling.

“Good! But well, I must ask that you do not visit his grave until it's settled down.”

“Oh, I will be sure to do that.”

“Washu-sama ... are you okay with that?” Mikami asked.

“I was missing for five thousand years. If I came, it would make a big fuss and the funeral would be ruined. Besides, I want to choose the right time to reveal my survival ... uhuhu besides ... if I showed up at a funeral unannounced there would be many old people there who might still remember me ... I don't want it to turn into a mass funeral when they all die from shock.”

“I understand.” Mikami said laughing.

“But usually the funeral arrangements are left to the Men's Association. Who will you have handle it now that there's no head to carry it out?”

“The president seat is vacant, and the second row is horizontal, so I will designate his nurse as his administrator.”

“Are you joking, leaving such a woman in charge is a joke! How can you be ok with this Mikami!?”

“As a mother ... ... I will not put up with my son's body being made a piece of crappy politics, do you understand?” Washu's facial expression changed completely.

“Oh!!” Taima froze up like he was just bathed in ice water.

Washu's glare was so intimidating it could have caused his heart to stop, He was lucky he didn't go incontinent.

“Yes ma’am. I will not go against the last will of Mikumo.” Taima who was in a state of being overwhelmed by Washu's intimidation, was barely able to leave the place after somehow bowing down.

“The mind is a gentle thing. You should be kinder with your words ... ...” Mikami said with a sigh after Taima left.

“I will try, but that one needed to be disciplined.”

“I'm surprised you are still so composed after all that.”

“Oh really, I'll tell you why later.” Washu stepped up towards the exit while waving, she gave the nurse a little glance and yawned.

“Well, I best be going before things get noisy around here. Please contact me if there is something that comes up.” She bowed deeply to the nurse and Mikami and then turned and walked away the same way she came in with her footsteps echoing throughout the house.

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“Damn it! Damn it!” Taima came back to the Captain of the Seniwan flag ship, “Seniwa” which bore the planets name. He slammed his fist against the desk. Nakita was worried.

“I have never been so humiliated before in my life!”

“.....”

Sooner or later they had to give instructions and news of his father Mikumo's death to various parts of the military, but until then Nakita waited silently for Taima to settle down.

Chapter Two: The Dancer of Racepshi

*** * * Translators' note: This is the novel equivalent of the start of GXP Episode 20. * * ***

The Planetary scale space known as the Big Da Ruma floated in space. But it wasn't alone, there was a satellite orbiting that looked like the ships moon in scale.

It was "Racepshi", a ship that provided amusement and entertainment around the galaxy. Usually it was colored with luxuriously bright lighting, but now it was in a rather muted state with only minimum sign lighting. The reason for that was to keep the Big Da Ruma from being found.

But once entered, Racepshi was a fancy entertainment hall and as flashy as its reputation would have one believe. It was a place like Earth's Broadway + Las Vegas+ all the world festivals all in one place.

"Again! Again! I'm gonna hit it big this time!"

In one of the big banquet halls in Racepshi, the good luck fleet ships' crews and Da Ruma Guild's executives had a lavish feast.

Seiryo and the other space pirates were crowded around a variety of gambling machines, such as slot machines and video poker, while receiving drinks from hostesses who were dressed in colorful attire.

The crews of the Good Luck Fleet ships were on Cloud 9, they were drowning in a mountain of coins, and Seiryo, the Captain of the Fleet, had the largest mountain so far.

"Truly, it's our lucky day! Isn't that right, Captain?" Da Ruma was in a rare good mood.

"Ha ha ha, this is pretty good luck I'll say."

"With this luck, who needs to be afraid of Seina Yamada's bad luck?!"

"Ha ha ha! It was a great idea to rent Racepshi."

Seiryo grew tired of slot machines and roulette. He took a glass of sake from a hostess's tray and looked around the large spacious hall, the curtains and layered seating and tons of spectators gave the impression that it was like an opera house and that it was a thousand times bigger than it really was. It felt as if he was lost in a giant city.

Currently, at each of the leisure facilities of Racepshi, about 50 million people were gathered to watch the Big Da Ruma's executives and the various space pirates who had been invited from various places.

"It's all thanks to you, Captain Seiryo." Da Ruma took a glass in the same way, he felt excited and thirsty. He gulped the entire glass at once. Da Ruma noticed a box seat above his line of sight, one of which was the size of a gymnasium.

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“I was saved because you reached out to me, Da Ruma.”

In the box seat for VIP guests that overlooked the venue, Ekushito Racepshi who was the general manager of Racepshi was hosting the Vice President of the Da Ruma Guild.

Ekushito was a stout man who looked like big fighter and had a stiffer appearance then The Vice President of the Da Ruma Guild, who was rather slender. He looked more like a Space Pirate then the Space Pirate. However, his soft spoken words and intelligent gaze did not feel intimidating.

“When you came here, the head of Seniwa had just passed away, the whole Galactic Federation is in mourning, and our business crawled to a stop.”

“It was a pity for them, but its good news for us.”

The GP had lost the strong charisma of Mikumo Kuramitsu and would likely soon erupt with various internal problems that were suppressed until then by the existence of Mikumo.

“The succession battle, internal division, confrontation ... because it's such a huge organization, it will continue to struggle to function for quite a while, don't you think?”

“And thanks to that you can rent Racepshi!” The Vice President was satisfied.

Racepshi had a maximum capacity of 300 million people that it could accommodate on the ship. When you included temporary guests who arrived outside such as hotel ships and private ships, the maximum capacity was ten times that. It was difficult to rent out facilities of that size on an individual basis.

Of course, there were companies and countries who could, but it was difficult to monopolize Racepshi which was said to be a treasure of the galaxy. The reason why Racepshi was called a treasure was that it housed a huge accumulation of all kinds of art from around the galaxy.

The Racepshi was ancient, its existence had been recognized long before the establishment of the Galactic Federation, and there was a rumor that it predated even the great prehistoric civilization. It didn't belong to Galactic Federation, Renza Federation, or any pirate guild. It maintained total neutrality, it was a rare thing that was accepted by each of those organizations as well.

Moreover, unofficially it had the right to navigate freely and was permitted into any area of space as long as it declared it in advance. Taking advantage of that, the Racepshi had accumulated a huge amount of information and there was another reason they were popular.....

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The bustle of the hall grew calm, the gaze of everyone was directed to a huge stage.

“... ... Oh! The show is about to start.”

Da Ruma, who noticed silence, opened a bottle of alcohol he had and looked at the stage just like the others.

Swoosh...

Maiko appeared onstage, making every jaw drop. She disappeared leaving behind a woman who immediately appeared in the center. She was a high-ranking dancer called Maihime, the Dancing Princess.

The Dancing Princess began to dance slowly and quietly.

Because of the large venue, she appeared to be the size of a bean to those farthest in the audience, but in the next moment the eyes of the audience all became nailed to her.

Then screens like petals floated around her and projected the dancing maiden in a huge size. Sighs of deep admiration leaked out from the audience.

Her outfit changed to various shapes and patterns according to music, occasionally covering her whole body transforming into huge flowers and animals. Sometimes quietly, sometimes intensely, the colorful variety was amazing. When expressing flowers, any sign of her being a person disappeared as she became the flowers, and she became the animals when expressing animals.

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“She's stunning ... Who is that Dancing Princess?” The Vice President asked as he watched the stage.

“She is the eighth daughter of my house.”

“Ohhhhhhhh! Is that Makihi's daughter? I'm pretty sure her eighth daughter was still a child when I last came ...”

Racepshi's dancers were named by rank. The bottom rank was called a Wakko, and they couldn't go on stage yet. The next was called a Dancing Lady or Maiko, they were allowed to go up to the stage after finally becoming this rank, but only in a supporting role. Maihime, or the Dancing Princess rank would become the main character of the performance. And all were managed by Makihi.

“Why? Do you want to get her before someone else does?”

“No, no, no... I'm just humbled... she is truly spectacular… there's no doubt that she will grow up to be a top performer celebrated wherever she goes, truly she is Makihi's daughter.” The Vice President smiled as he watched her dance.

“Thank you.” Ekushito responded with a smile, but he was definitely not humble in nature.

If her mother Makihi was dancing, the entire audience would have been so enthralled they would have forgotten to breathe, and the fact that her daughter was already almost there was evidence of her talent.

The reason why Racepshi was called a treasure was its actors and actresses and group dancers who had outstanding skill and charm with Makihi being the best of the best. If one became a member of the Mai class, it meant they had outstanding skill that could command even one's own dance partner's attention with their dance.

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"... Well then, is that the daughter who's had the relationship with the man from the Tatsuki family?" Minaho Masaki asked. She was in one of the VIP rooms overlooking the stage in the area that Da Ruma Guild had rented out. At her side, Washu Hakubi was eagerly watching the stage.

This situation was another one that could only happen on Racepshi. Racepshi, which was able to move back and forth among the various coalitions, was also a place where a wide variety of spies conducted business. This place, where extraterritorial rights were authorized by every organization, was used as a place for exchanging information on the back end of things. It was also used for informal meetings between heads of state who opposed each other. The result was that Washu and Minaho were situated in the same room that Da Ruma was renting out. In addition, it was technically Washu's first public appearance in 5000 years, it wasn't surprising but confusing, but was accepted by familiar customers of Racepshi.

Trouble here was never permitted. Security guards were dispatched from each organization to protect and secure everyone. And of course, Racepshi also had its own strong security organization. However, considering the importance of this place, there were never any people who caused trouble.

"Yes, there's no mistaking it." The woman who came in to talk to Washu was Makihi herself. She appeared to be in her late twenties, her spine was well aligned, and she had well-balanced limbs. She also had a very athletic figure which was quite buff when she was seen up close. She had a figure like a stage actor and her beauty shone even more the farther away you got from her. Above all, she had a charm and atmosphere common to those like Seto, Washu and Gyokuren.

"However, there is no record that a child was born, and the time that two of them where together was short, and it was quite a long time ago..."

Minaho breathed a sigh of confusion.

"There's no guaranteeing though that the royal family's, uhm shall we say ... genetic information wasn't leaked out ... there is a possibility that a child was born using it."

"Hehehe... so you're saying it just leaked out, right?" Although Minaho was being crude, a sample of sperm of the royal family had been recovered and someone had used it. It was inferred that someone had used it to undergo in vitro fertilization and had an infant.

*** * * Translators' note: OK, so this is going to make no sense to anyone. They are talking about Palty Jurai's mother from Paradise War (aka PART 3 of GXP). The next few books establish the characters of that stories early origins. Actually, Lauretta (Luretta?) runs off from Racepshi to live a life of crime with Alan and her sister is Alea Balta.**

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Romance between dancers and customers was not uncommon, sometimes there were also stable relationships and talks of engagement. However, they were hidden in Racepshi and never took place in public. It wasn't unprecedented given the beauty of the dancers.

"Hmm, the atmosphere here sure is intoxicating, not to mention the liqueur... I can see how a dancer of Racepshi, and Jurai's Prince ended up together."

"It's a top-notch combination ... it's perfect for romance."

"... ... Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, well the information we were given was provided anonymously anyways, so we weren't sure at first, but our initial survey confirmed it ..."

"I'm surprised you're concerned with such things when Da Ruma is right in front of you. Didn't you see the Big Da Ruma right outside?"

If they had a royal ship there, they could have solved various problems of theirs all at once, but what you saw or heard in Racepshi, stayed in Racepshi. It was an unspoken rule to keep to yourself.

In this case, the information that they were allowed to bring back was only the confirmation that the Prince's genetic information had been leaked. Minaho would have to perform a random jump away from the Big Da Ruma and Racepshi or be escorted by an escort ship owned by Racepshi and sent to another place without being sure of where it was located. It wasn't permitted for her to leave by any other method and contact with Space Pirates and communication to the outside was strictly prohibited.

“Although the Da Ruma Guild has reserved the hall, there are a lot of other guests who have been staying here for a long time, and there are plenty of things here for you to do and we have many other parties and events to go to.” Makihi smiled.

They would have been welcomed anywhere else.

“That's a nice offer, but I have to go back to do my report soon.” To be honest, she was interested in watching the performance, but she had to go finish the follow-up survey. Above all, she was afraid to linger around a massive gathering of people from the Big Da Ruma.

“That's a shame, we shall arrange for your drop off immediately.” Makihi didn't push it any further, she rang a crystal bell that she picked up.

Two women in unique maid clothes came in immediately.

“Ms. Minaho, would you like to see “Racepshi” before you leave?”

“Is it a Third Generation like I heard?”

There were no people who wanted to cause trouble at Racepshi, but various unexpected situations occurred when you were navigating the universe. There were those who were ignorant and not in any major organization, and those who did not know the history or status of the Racepshi and sometimes those who intended to target it. Occasionally there were people who attacked Racepshi. There were other things that could happen, natural phenomena and creatures other than humans. For that reason, Racepshi had its own armaments including equipment and personnel.

Washu was here to strengthen their royal tree.

“It would make it happy to meet one of its sibling's masters.”

“Shit ... ... fine, I understand.” Minaho went with the maids and left the room after bowing.

“... ... wooo.” Minaho breathed a sigh after leaving the room. To be honest, she was relieved a little to be out of that place.

(She seems like she's pretty drunk ... ...) Makihi thought. Makihi was the kind of woman whose presence got on other's nerves but in a different way from Washu and Seto. It may be better to say that she was a hard one to keep one's eyes off of. Her beauty and charm were almost supernatural and, of course, it was fully demonstrated when she was dancing. Even Minaho found it hard to resist that charm. Needless to say, it was pretty overwhelming for some to be in the same room as her.

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“Whew... it's true what they say, meeting a princess of Jurai is a scary thing.” Makihi murmured with the same kind of expression that Minaho made when she was going away. In that sense, as

Minaho was a princess, she was also the granddaughter of the Juraian Emperor, and a woman who had served as an adjutant to Seto for many years. It was safe to say she felt the same level of intimidation but for a different reason.

“How is that girl still single? ... ... Naja is terrible.”

“Her title as an Assistant of Seto is no doubt what's keeping her from marriage ... I wonder why she doesn't just find a young gentleman who doesn't know her identity?”

“I don't think that would help either ...”

“It's a real tragedy wouldn't you say?”

“Oh, by the way, are you ready to see those now?” Washu had brought archives of data on the stories and the theater from Earth (from past to the present) with her to Racepshi. “This is only part of it, but it's quite interesting, I hope you enjoy learning about this early stage civilization.”

“You're the best. Thank you, I'm sure I'll enjoy reading it... ...”

At that time, the door was knocked on and Maya, the eighth daughter of Makihi who had been dancing on the stage entered with a single boy.

Makihi's atmosphere changed completely to that of a mother.

“Oh, Maito, have you finished doing the checks yet?” Washu asked the boy, Maito shyly snapped to his mother to hide behind her. Although he was 12, he had a delicate appearance like a fairy, and seemed to be less than ten.

“Ms. Washu, I'm honored to meet you, I'm Makihi's daughter, Maya, I saw you from the stage, so I came to greet you.” Maya bowed elegantly, she had other sisters, but she was the most similar to Makihi.

“Oh, nice to meet you. But shouldn't you be on stage?”

“My part of the performance is already over ...” She could still see the performance going on outside the box.

“Hmm ... well, I enjoyed your performance.”

“Thank you.” Maya said.

Everyone's eyes moved to Maito.

“So, today's interviews are over?” Makihi asked.

Racepshi had many job seekers, as well as theater staff, and stakeholders who come for the performances. About 30% of those who resided in Racepshi were people involved in the performances, and those who came to perform after contracting with Racepshi.

Maito had the power to see talent, especially related to entertainment. From how he described it he could see something like a glittering aura around people. It didn't detect the skill of a person, but rather their buried talent and qualities. Maito's ability was unique. But no matter how glittery you were, it wouldn't last a lifetime.

Loss of interest in acting and aging could keep one's passion for performance from being maintained, and cause exhaustion of one's talent. Talent was truly an ambiguous and dangerous thing. The quality of talent was also important, but if the magnitude of one's reserves was big, they would stay on the front stage for a long time.

However, Maito's talent was used at the time of scouting rather than during the interview. Those who come to the interview to work at Racepshi were left to another interviewer.

However, among the many ordinary guests coming there, there were a few buried gemstones. It was Maito's job to uncover that talent.

“Among the customers, was there anyone to worry about?”

“... .... Minaho, Washu and Seiryo.”

“Oh ... ... no one else?” Makihi asked, Maito shook his head.

“Well, this is embarrassing, I doubt we would be able to scout any of those people” Makihi glanced at Washu. Maito also sent an innocent gaze to Washu. Washu giggled.

“I am sorry I can't meet your expectations, but why don't you see if the Tennan family can do something?”

“They may be perfect as talent, but their family-specific character would turn any tragedy into a comedy.”

“Oohoohoohoo ... that's for sure ...”

“Imagine the refunds we would have to give.” No one could escape from the influence of the Tennan's peculiarity. Getting them involved with anything was equivalent to putting spicy ingredients into a dish.

“Uhuhuhuhuh!” Washu giggled at the thought as Makihi got wrinkles between her brows thinking about it.

“Maybe we should change our standards Maito.”

“It's because ...” Maito began to say but Maya touched him, and he stopped.

“Well, recently I've noticed they have, haven't you?”

“Yes, when I took him out of the Galactic Federation and he saw those people ... he's been a bit off since...”

“The four of them, they were people with a very unique atmosphere, and one was an especially beautiful woman who had a terrible miasma.”

“Oh?”

“Since then, Maito's judging criteria have been all wrong.”

“Hey, are these by any chance the people you saw?” Washu started up a monitor and Gyokuren and the other 3 girls in her group were projected.

Maito who saw it stared at it as one would when looking at an idol.

“Oh, how did you know?”

“They work for Naja, currently they're assisting a child named Seina Yamada.”

“Seina Yamada!” Maito who heard the name of Seina looked even more enthralled.

“Are rumors transmitted to the people of Renza true?”

“Well, there's a terrible rumor among the pirates mainly that many have headed in the direction of Renza lately, rather than the federation... ... of course that makes sense ... doesn't it? There's less risk.” Makihi said.

“Washu, are you acquainted with Mr. Seina Yamada?”

“I don't know everyone just because they're from Earth but in this case yes, he is a childhood friend of the owner of the house I live in.”

“It's just a rumor, but I’ve heard that Mr. Seina Yamada's ship was built like Washu's Ryo-Ohki...”

“Yes, I left my daughter in his care.”

“Did you use Widow ...?”

“Why do you think that?”

“Because it would be a dramatically ironic twist of fate for her.”

Although Racepshi was a place where lots of information leaked out, it was top secret that Widow's astral core was used for Fuku. However, Makihi felt that it would have been dramatically ironic if that was what happened, rather than guessing it from various information.

“... ... ...” Washu said nothing.

“Well, I hope he's treating Renza's princesses well ... ... you've sure given him a marvelous edge ... ...” Makihi who judged Washu's silence as positive affirmation said with a sigh.

Maito pulled on his mother’s sleeve and looked up at her a look asking her to say something for him.

“Oh, yes, I would like to ask something about Seina Yamada ... ...” Makihi launched a monitor. There was an enlarged photograph that was extracted from a news video there.

“That's Seina ... with Amane and Kiriko, right?” As Washu said the names, Maito smiled.

“Are you interested in knowing more about them?” Maito nodded to Washu's question.

“Well, Amane Kaunaq is a famous person, so he knows about her but for Kiriko-san, well her biography is a bit ambiguous ... ...”

“That girl's history is kept secret by Naja.”

“If you don't mind, would you please teach us more about Kiriko-sama?”

“... Well, what can you tell me if I do?” Washu said with a wry smile, Makihi and Maito's reacted with a similarly interesting expression.

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“Chhh! Why do we have to stay behind?” Alan asked as he stared at an operator’s panel full of monitors in one of the good luck ships that was moored in the docks. Next to him Barry was looking at the video relay of the stage with an entranced expression.

“Hey, are you listening?” In frustration, Alan kicked Barry's chair.

“What's the problem? We can still see the performance from here.” Barry unusually disputed back.

“Besides, Cohen and Komachi's deputy are not even getting to watch this relay, they're on-duty doing a mission. If they complained, they would be punished.”

Recently, Alan was almost never with all of his group. It was a measure to avoid the adverse effects of having the three of them together. Barry and Cohen's reliance on Alan had dissipated and they were slowly regaining their original seriousness. But Alan, as usual, still complained but his power to do anything about it had dissipated.

“Who cares?! Komachi gave us a job and we should be grateful. We’re here to work off our debt. That's all we need to do!” Barry said to Alan as he watched Seiryo on the monitor.

“And the best way to do that is to bet our money! Too bad we can't go over there without permission.”

“I don't think Komachi will give you permission, and you'll be punished if you go out without permission...” Barry said.

“Maybe if I cut her in on some of it, she'd let me.”

“... ... ...” Barry said. “Good luck with that... you should go give it a shot. I'm going to stay behind and work.”

“What's the matter? Hey! It's a chance for our debt to disappear all at once!”

“I just know I don't have that kind of luck, I'm going to have to stick with the slow and steady path.”

“Fine! When I come to you tomorrow without any debt, don't come crying to me!”

“I'll be praying for it to be so.” Barry said, waving his hand backwards at Alan as he left the room.

“Whatever, I don't need you anyways. Damn good for nothing!” Alan kicked the door frame on the way out.

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“Haaaaaa, you want a cash advance of your salary?” Komachi looked at Alan with an amused face.

“No, no ... I just want a little pocket money, we're at Racepshi, and I’d like to enjoy it if even for a moment...”

“Hasn't it's only been a week since payday?”

“I had a lot of expenses this month ... ...”

“Don't bug me about this anymore.” Komachi turned away from Alan.

“Oooooo please please please! Deputy Director Komachi! Just a little pleaseeeeee... I don't need much.... pleaaaaaaase.”

“Geez……” Alan had no dignity left in his begging, he rubbed his head against the floor as he bowed, and Komachi lost her ability to say no.

“Okay, then how about betting your entire next salary with me? If you lose, I owe you nothing next paycheck. If you win, you'll have the money for your next paycheck, and I won't have to pay you.”

“Oh, thank you!”

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One hour after rubbing his head against the floor, Alan had lost all his salary for the following month. Of course, this was his salary deducting his debt payments. And the luck fleet would feed him, they wouldn't let him starve.

“If you worked hard you wouldn't have to gamble, you should get back to work.”

“I was just having a bad streak of luck! What if I bet my salary for the next month?”

When Alan said that, Komachi punched him right in the face.

“What did I just say?!”

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“... ... I see, that is an interesting story, and it makes sense why Maito would be interested.” Ms. Makihi, who heard about Kiriko's life from Washu, nodded intensely.

“The Emperor's family living secluded in a special environment ... ... And furthermore Seina-sama is exposed to great misfortune, obsession, escape, regret...” Makihi envisioned it as if to chew Kiriko's life story in her mind to digest it. She could read a person's personality and psychology quite accurately if she knew a certain amount of their way of living.

“It's enough to do in anyone.”

“Well? Are you going to try to scout her? That might be a little difficult.” Washu joked.

“I do not want that, but I wouldn't mind getting her on stage. Even if it's impossible now, as long as the history of Racepshi continues there's a chance even a thousand years from now or two thousand years, it will happen eventually.”

“May Racepshi be around as long as history continues.”

“Come now, you're satisfied with her answer right, you should change your attitude and be friendlier.” Makihi stroked Maito's head. He looked happy with the answers Washu had given him and got out from behind his mother and bowed to Washu before he left the room.

As soon as the door closed, the outside noise was blocked off and the quietness returned again, Makihi's atmosphere again on the spot changed to that of an adult.

“By the way, I'd like to ask you a little more about Seina Yamada ... ...” In Makihi's eyes something like a slightly ferocious threat resided, Washu read the meaning quickly.

“You sure are a causal person. Well, in that sense, we are the same.”

The Racepshi's were a family who aimed to collect, protect and reproduce data on the theater and shows.

In other words, fostering a performer to inherit that data was their most important mission. Makihi emphasized the succession of blood as well as the search for human resources in order to nurture the next generation and the ones beyond that. Currently, she had ten children, but only two with her husband and the rest were with two other men. Genetic manipulation and body remodeling were not carried out at all on the children.

“Just know that I'm interested in him. I feel there may be a good compatibility and I might be able to replicate his probability. He seems like healthy spirit, also is there detailed data on his birth?”

In other words, she believed she had high possibility of producing a child with him that had the same probability bias.

“Don't you think you should at least meet Seina first?” Washu said. Makihi was in a sense, treating Seina like a breeding stallion. Washu found it distasteful and was also worried about Tenchi's reaction.

“Of course, I'm aware of that even you can't introduce me to him Washu. I'm sure he will end up in my proximity eventually. I just want to predict the results in advance, so I don't have to worry when that time comes.”

In other words, she wanted to have a compatibility test between her and Seina to predict the future of the child born.

“Thanks, but I must refuse, however I think it's safe to assume they would have an unbelievable bias probability as well.”

“What about testing some of my girls with him?”

“Oh, can I be tested?” Maya's expression got brighter.

“Can you at least give his personal data to me?”

“What if we say we’re going use it to reinforce the security systems for Racepshi?”

“Hmm ... not a bad idea.” Washu said, satisfied.

“..... Hmm so far only seven of your daughters have come to greet me ... where are the other two?”

“Because one of my daughters ran away from home and hasn't come back and the other is away from home, the other seven people will be test subjects.”

* * * **Translators’ note: SPOILER**

Since it may be a while until I translate it: oykihcamok spelled backwards is the name of her runaway daughter. I predict the one who is away is Maimu, the girl in the white suit in the colored illustrations of GXP 16 but no confirmation on that at this moment. * * *

“I'm surprised there are also such things going on in the Racepshi family.”

“Even when one of our employees become a Dancing Princess, about 30% of them will retire to do other things, so my daughters are no exception. Of course, I will accept them if they want to return, such detours are a part of gaining life experience, it helps fertilize one's art.”

“Okay, then I'll check it in a moment, but first, your youngest daughter is twins with Maito-chan right?”

“Yes, we will check her compatibility in five years.”

(Then, I guess I can't use 'Mister Slimy 3' for that girl ... ...)

“... .... Washu. Since the performance is still ongoing, please don't do anything to cause a hindrance in their performance.”

Makihi's request put a damper on Washu's plan. “Oh, I see... I understand.”

However, a few hours later, when Makihi finished the performance for the day they all fell prey to “Mister Slimy No.3”, “Mister Licky No.1”, “Mr. Sucking Vacuum No. 4” and “ Mr. Cleany No. 5”.

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Makihi's concert was over, and the Space Pirates were stunned as if their souls had passed from their bodies for a while. The curtain descending gave rise to great applause. Some of the Space Pirates were still stunned and sat in silence for a while. However, the female hostesses were aware of the situation and lured those back to the gambling hall. Seiryo, with Da Ruma, left the bustle of the hall and headed for a quiet private box.

“Oh! Makihi's dance was wonderful, but this view is also wonderful.” From the box seat, Da Ruma could see the entirety of the big hall, but his line of sight of was directed to the luck ship anchored in a large dock, which was visible from the window opposite the box. The luck ship was given special exterior lighting to emphasize its exterior more gaudily and made it look even bigger.

“Oh, Captain, are you in here?” Barry entered the private box with another man. When Barry saw Da Ruma, he saluted like one did in the GP out of habit.

“Calm down Barry, our saluting practices are different.”

“Oh, ah! Uhm, sorry!”

“Hahaha! You're good, everyone is having fun.”

“So, was there a problem?”

“Oh, no, the checks are all going well. So far there are no problems, but this central control officer is here ... ...”

“Oh, I nearly didn't see him there. What does he want?” Da Ruma looked at the man behind Barry.

“It's about time you gave that ship out there a formal ship name ... ...

“Seiryo, since you're the Captain I'll leave this to you, please give it a good name.”

“Ha ha ha! President, you already know what I'm going to name it.” Seiryo stood up and grinned, then laughed and held up a V - sign.

“So... What is the name?”

“The ship's name is Victory! V, Victory!”

“Sorry, that has already been registered with another ship.” The administrative official answered.

Seiryo felt like he had been soaked in cold water. “... Well.... then how about Great Victory!”

“Also in use.”

“Ultra-Super Great Victory!”

“Taken.”

“Hyper Deluxe Great Victory!”

“Taken.”

“Damn it!”

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About 30 minutes later.

“Look, we need a name...”

“Ugh, give me a minute ... ...” Seiryo was frustrated.

“Well ... ... It's hard to decide ...”

Barry and Da Ruma were sitting next to each other, drinking wine together and watching Seiryo fail to pick an unused name.

“Well, how about using the name lucky as the code name?” The registration terminal buzzed to emit an error sound.

“Hmm! Give me a moment!” Seiryo picked up the terminal and he scrolled through the names of the vessels listed. “Ugh! There seems to be no variations of good luck left!”

“... Well, everyone wants to give a good name to their ship, hey ... how about we try this.” The administrator opened up a dictionary and started searching.

“... Oh, oh, only one variation of characters meaning luck remains ... ...”

“Let me guess? ..... Is it bad luck?” Seiryo then looked at the monitor running in front of the administrator.

“Well, it seems to work, but this is kinda... ...”

“No, it is not a good name, that's the one we will use! Register it! Hurry before anyone else gets it!”

“Uhm are you sure this is okay ...?” The officer looked very confused.

“What if it gets taken while were waiting to think about it! Register it as soon as possible! No time to waste!”

“Really?”

“Did I stutter?!” Seiryo got an attitude, the officer looked at Da Ruma to seek his help.

“Ha ha ha! Do whatever the Captain says.”

“Heh, ok then ... ...”

Ping. A sound of registration completion came from the terminal. While listening to the sound, Seiryo looked up at the ship with satisfaction.

* * * **Translators’ note: They register it as UNKO which means lucky but is a homophone for Unko which means Dookie. * * ***

Chapter Three: The Tree Selection Ceremony

At the Academy's board of directors, Airi, Mikami, and Seto were sitting down tired on the sofa.

“... ... Because of those damn luck ships, the economy has completely tanked.”

Economic data on the monitor was crashing.

“Traffic and insurance companies have all experienced negative revenue starting last week, half of them are on the verge of bankruptcy. The damage to the defensive fleets is also rapidly rising.”

“It's not the damage that's killing us, it's that resources and important goods are becoming so rare.

“At this rate the transportation industry of the entire galaxy, and every other part of commerce and industry will cease completely in a matter of months ...”

“Maybe if we beg hard enough we can leave the Federation and join a pirate Guild.”

“Well, that's what we get for our reliance on Seina, an eye for an eye, bad luck for bad luck ...” With a sigh Airi fell down on the desk and looked right at Seto.

“This is dangerous, we need to find Da Ruma and have the Kamidake give the finishing blow before we're done for.”

“... ... To do that we would have to allocate quite a large amount of resources to search for it, we wouldn't be able to take care of any other crimes.”

“The problem is defense, right?”

“Of course, have you seen the results from the various times we've tried to fight them?”

“Maybe we need something to assist Kiriko with defense as well, there was a slight incompatibility in the reaction between Fuku and my tree. A slight gap is inevitable. Under normal circumstances it shouldn't be a problem at all, but with those ships luck, that gap could become a fatal thing.”

“What about using an AI controller? What about the unit from the Kamidake No. 1?”

“That would seem to be the most reliable method, but in order to make it fully synchronized with the Kamidake, we would need to accumulate battle data with a luck ship. Even then with their luck who knows what would happen ... still, we should begin collecting data.”

“In the end, the best solution would be to just wait for Fuku to mature ...”

“Oho ho ho, while waiting the Galactic Federation will go bankrupt.”

“And then, after that ...” While saying that, Airi and Mikami realized Seto had the only real solution. As they decided, Seto drank a cup of tea.

“Who knows this might be a good opportunity.”

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Seto, who came back to the Mikagami, headed to the bridge. From there she transferred to the bridge of Azusa's ship Kirito. She told him she would visit in advance, a meeting with Azusa took place without further ado.

“So ... you want Kiriko to do the tree choosing ceremony ...” Azusa leaned deeply on the sofa with his arms folded.

“With the defense and response speed of a tree we can fill the defense gap of the Kamidake, the compatibility between Washu's ship and royal ships has already been proven.”

Approximately seven hundred years ago, when Ryo-Ohki attacked Jurai, the second and third generation ships hesitated to attack Ryo-Ohki. Trees have to listen to the orders of higher generations unless the life of their master was threatened. That meant that the Trees acknowledged Ryo-Ohki as a first-generation tree. That was confirmed when Ryo-Ohki brought the Kamidake to Jurai.

“Even so, she doesn't have to be the one to get one. Aren't you worried about the safety of the Masaki family?”

“Huh?” Seto couldn't hide her surprise to his question. Forcing Kiriko into the royal family itself was quite a risky proposition.

It hadn't been announced that the Masaki family members were from Yosho's blood line. (正木 Japanese spindle tree without the tree radical vs. 柾木 spindle tree tree). Naturally, that was because no one knew Yosho was alive. They were instead said to be from Funaho's younger sister's blood line, but because they were from an early civilization, they could not be recognized as part of the royal Family easily, even going up into space wasn't originally allowed. So as far as anyone was concerned Masaki was just an honorary name.

Even though Kiriko herself was a competent and well-known presence within the GP and was famous for being an assistant to Seina, she was only a normal citizen in the long run. To accept such a girl into the Imperial family, especially

when Funaho's rein was still not that strong was risky, and Azusa didn't have the power to decide that. Not without first seeking the approval of the other families. And it would look like it was something which was only meant to benefit the Devil Princess of Jurai.

“Although I can't clearly reveal her genetic origin, I can adopt her into the royal Family, on the basis that she will eventually be marrying Seina Yamada. Do you think that will work?”

Once she had been adopted by the Kamiki family and later to the Masaki family, changing her name for obviously political reasons, it might be enough for them to get away from it but at the same time, wouldn't reflect well on Funaho.

“I will discuss it with Funaho ... ... hopefully she and Misaki will approve it.”

“I would appreciate it if you do so ...”

Seto herself though was worried about making Misaki and Minaho upset with her, it was a bit of a problem when she adopted Mashisu, who was a citizen, and before that she had adopted Noike. It could be seen as though she was diluting the family. Mashisu had reason to be adopted so she could marry Misao Kuramitsu, and now they had a direct tie to the Kuramitsu family. But for Noike there was no clear reason for her to be adopted. Until Yosho’s survival was announced and the circumstances around his grandchild Tenchi and the women around him were known, the reason for her adopting Noike into the royal family was thin. There were many other much more suitable candidates. It seemed like Seto just did it on a whim. Now on top of that, to adopt Kiriko would be a big risk to Seto's reputation.

“In the case of Kiriko, I think it might be more convenient if you adopt her directly into the Masaki family.”

“What do you mean?”

“Seina is from Earth, from the same place as Funaho, the same village. As far as anyone in the universe is concerned, he is a sibling. They're as good as family so it can be seen as set up for making Seina a royal Masaki and there are many people who think he should be.”

“Indeed, his presence and esteem is getting bigger, and it makes sense not to let him get fully incorporated into the GP.”

“I can argue that it will put him on Jurai's side, and I'm sure Seina wouldn't object.”

“... ... It may not be so difficult to make Kiriko-chan a royal Masaki after all, we just have to persuade the other houses in the right way.”

“But would there be any problem with the GP if we make her royalty?”

Kiriko was technically regarded as a member of the GP army. And, in extreme terms, that meant she was technically on Seniwa's side. Becoming a member of the Royal family of Jurai was an act equal to betrayal. Of course, even though only some of Mikumo's older soldiers thought about it

that way, it could still make things uncomfortable for her in the military. Criticism against her would be aimed no longer at her, their anger would be directed to Mikami. Even though Mikami was a Kuramitsu, she couldn't help but be drawn into dealing with the dispute, especially now that Mikumo's reign had ended.

“Minami should be President of the Elder Men's Association, but if Taima is appointed it will be awkward.”

“That's a big deal... good thing the captain of the first fleet who lost a fight to me is in good health.”

* * * **Translators’ note: This seems to be her second mention. I assume this is Seto talking about the mysterious lady on the doujin cover. This also seems to confirm her as a Kuramitsu, but she can't be Minami's wife because she is a widow. * * ***

“If so, then there's no problem, it might be a good opportunity to eliminate the influence of Seniwa from GP.”

“The opposition from those people will be great, but ... I think we'll cope, I'll deal with that on my own. It seems though that there's nothing to keep us from moving ahead with this right away.”

“Good, then let's move ahead with things.”

Azusa and Seto headed for the transfer gate with quick pace to fulfill their respective roles.

Seto, who came back to the Mikagami again, breathed a big sigh of relief. “Unfortunately to do this we have to put some troubles on Seina.”

× × ×

“... ... What did you bring me here for?” Kiriko was sitting in Nashisu, which was closed during the holidays, with an alarmed expression. Seto sat across from her with a full smile.

“Why don't you undergo the tree selection ceremony?”

“What?” Kiriko kept silent after that for a while. “... Who me?!”

The ceremony to choose trees was a ceremony only for Jurai's royalty, Seto had just essentially told her she had become a part of the royal family. It was no wonder that she was surprised.

“Why!?”

“... Amane is a Kaunaq...” Noticing what Seto was saying, Kiriko was struck stiff.

“Ryoko is a descendant of the King of Balta, Neiju is the Shrine Maiden of Melmas ... ... don't you think you should be on equal footing with them?”

Kiriko looked dumbstruck, Seto looked her with a smile.

“We already have the approval of the Emperor of Jurai and the heads of the four families, and I heard that Funaho is also looking forward to it.”

“... Wait, are you sure you want me in the Masaki family?”

“Where else is there to put you?”

“Well, but ... ...”

“Kiriko-chan, don't underestimate yourself or your value to Jurai.”

“What?”

“Seina is a good person, but he isn't yet a full member of the Galactic Federation. He’s currently only formally tied to Seniwa and the academy.”

“In other words, you want to use me to tie him to Jurai...”

“It's not like I'd have to order you to do so, would I?”

“Oh!” Kiriko got silent again. “.....”

“I know you're hesitant to turn the Kuramitsu-based military officials into your enemies ...”

“From my point of view, I'm more worried about Mikami...”

“Don't think she can't handle herself just because she has set up that image as a gentle grandmother. Think about you. Are you prepared to turn the army into your enemy?”

“.....”

“... ... Do you want to lose Seina ... ... because you know that's what will happen if you don't?”

The same thing would have happened if Kiriko's real lineage was revealed. For now, her military relations were trivial and Seina meant more to her.

“I'll do it.”

“Good, then get ready, we’re going to Jurai.”

“What?”

“You heard me, hurry up!”

“Right now!?”

× × ×

“An Imperial ship with the Kamidake?” Kiriko and Seto came to the GP dock exclusively for the Kamidake.

“Why are you so shocked?”

“No way ... ... so that's why I'm being given a tree!?”

“It should alleviate the defensive burden on Fuku.”

“But will it work? I find it hard to believe that a perfect union can be done without actual combat testing.”

“We know from 700 years ago that the Tree's and Ryo-Ohki are very compatible already, and of course Fuku-chan is too.”

“Nevertheless ...we're going to be using it to go up against a good luck ship.”

“Your anxiety won't help.”

“Huh!?”

“Trees can sense your state of mind. The bond is very strong, it will know your knowledge and experiences ... ... and the battle experience you accumulated on the Kamidake, your bonds with Fuku, Seina, and the other crewmembers are transmitted to the Tree... the computational reaction speed of the Trees surpasses even the most advanced computer, so a battle with lucky ships shouldn't be an issue, perfect synchronicity should be possible without much training.”

“So that's why you’re giving me a Tree .....”

“Well, it also expands the power of the Masaki family.”

“But I'm only one person ... ... It would be better you to just announce Yosho's survival if that's what you wanted, then Tenchi, Tennyo, and the rest of Masaki village would be a part of the line right?”

“Don't you think there's a reason why I've let Yosho skirt around his royal obligations for the past seven hundred years? At the very least I would like to wait for Seina to make some sort of big achievement before I make that kind of announcement. But for now, it's better to keep it unannounced so no one has to report anything going on down there to Jurai. Of course, the accomplishments of Tenchi, Tennyo, and Masaki village's people are great, and the existence of Ryoko and Washu is also a good reason to let it be known, not to mention their impact in bringing us Seina was tremendous.”

“So, you're just biding time till things align?”

“Well yes, at least for Ryoko and Washu-chan. It took seven hundred years to make sure that it had been long enough that they could no longer be seen as the bad guys. Not to mention, I have to downplay that I knew and kept silent. But with Seina running around doing so much good, any wrong doing on their behalf is trivial compared to the results we have gotten from Seina thanks to Yosho.

“I see.”

“I'm thinking I'll do a little experiment with the Mikagami before syncing Fuku with your tree.”

“Experiment?”

“I want to leave all defense up to the tree, so control will be given to Fuku-chan, but it will still be easier than controlling them all by herself.”

“But what if we encounter a lucky ship while that happens ... ...”

“In that case, Mikagami can defend us in a worst case scenario, so you can escape.”

“I guess that could work ... ...”

“But if you think about it, if you encountered a lucky ship, isn't it possible that it could defeat Mikagami-sama?”

“That implies we will encounter it. In the opinion of Washu-chan, there seems to be large fluctuations in the probability of attracting Space Pirates when Seina is near royal ships, and I will do everything to reduce that number as much as possible when we test this.”

“... ... Really?”

In other words, Seto, don't expect any encounters with lucky ships during this test.

“Well, even if we encountered a lucky ship, it would be a good test of the system.”

“Seto!” Hakuren saw Seto and Kiriko and came over. “Mikagami-san's accommodations are complete, it's now possible to leave for Jurai.”

“Yes, I understand, thanks for your hard work. Where is Fuku-chan?”

“She is on standby with Seina on the bridge.”

“Well then, let's go.

× × ×

Seina, who was on the Kamidake Bridge, saw that Seto, accompanied by Hakuren had arrived, so he stood up and saluted.

“At ease... if you don't mind can I borrow Fuku chan for a little while before departure?”

“Mya?” Fuku, lifted up by Seto, cocked her little head curiously.

“Hey Fuku, I'd like for you to talk to Mikagami for a while. Is that okay?”

“Mia!” Fuku immediately knew Seto's intent and jumped onto her head happily.

”Thank you. Seina, please ask Kiriko for details if you're confused.” Seto said and she went off to the transfer gate quickly. Seina turned his eyes towards Kiriko.

× × ×

Seto took Fuku to the bridge and introduced her to Mikagami, the two began to talk to each other.

× × ×

“Kiriko is being made a part of the royal family!?” Amane stood up in surprise. Of course, the others felt the same.

“Congratulations Kiriko-sama!”

Hakuren's people were informed from Seto in advance, so they briefly congratulated Kiriko with a graceful bow.

“Oh! Yes... Congratulations!” Seina also said quickly.

“Thank you. I felt the same way when I heard it from Seto.”

“... ... So, from now on we also have to call you Kiriko-sama.”

“I would prefer if you didn't.” Kiriko said to the serious looking Amane.

“Why!”

“Even if there is no choice when conducting official affairs, I would appreciate it if you would treat me as usual in every other situation, in any case the GP is my top priority.”

Seina seemed to be unable to conceal his embarrassment.

“What's wrong Seina, until now you've come in contact with Royal Masaki's all the time, why are you nervous, have you forgotten that Tenchi, Katsuhito, and Tennyo, are all Juraian royalty?”

“Well, that's true but ... ...”

“Please treat me the same, because nothing has changed about me.”

“I'll do my best!” He was nervous.

“It's not hard.”

“Well, that's true, but ...”

For Seina, Kiriko was special. (It just reminds me that we've all come a long way since I came into space ... ...)

“Hey Seina, I want you to know that you are the reason why I became a member of the royal family.” Kiriko said shyly to Seina.

“Huh!?”

“In fact, there's a plan to put a tree ship in the Kamidake to counter the lucky ships.”

“Like how Seto synced with us that one time?”

“Is that why you're having a ceremony to choose a tree?” Hakuren asked.

“Wait... you choose?” Seina said.

“Well, you know how the trees have a will of their own? That's why we have rituals to become partners with one ... ... it's sort of a matchmaking thing.”

“And that tree you choose is going to be put in the Kamidake?”

“The primary objective is to have it take charge of the Kamidake's defense.”

“So, we can shield with Light Hawk Wings! I see, then we will be able to compete against a lucky ship for sure.”

“Yeah ... unfortunately we can't wait for Fuku-chan to grow up to do this.”

“The damage caused by the good luck fleet is expanding to the extent that it can't be ignored, but it's impossible to deal with under ordinary circumstances.”

“The only hope is the Kamidake ... ... Seina you're now more important than ever.”

“Heh, well ... ...” Seina felt a bit uneasy with that assessment.

Bling bling–––––! At that moment, a monitor with Seto showed up after a short calling sound. “How are you on your end?”

“We can start here anytime.”

“Seina what's wrong” The monitor of Seto approached to look at Seina's face.

“Oh, nothing ... ... I'm just surprised a bit ... ...”

“Just think of it as adding an accessory to your ship.”

“An accessory ...?”

“We need to take a little longer on my end.”

“Is something wrong?”

“They're a bit caught up in playing with each other ... ...” Seto got out of the way of the screen, and it zoomed in to Fuku playing with the nerve lights. “Please wait a moment until they settle down.”

“Heh ... .” Seina felt at ease upon seeing that.

Chapter Four: The name is ... ...

Some rookie space pirate recruits were walking down a hall in Racepshi. A large door opened with a heavy noise in front of them.

“Wow……”

There was a sparkling luck ship and Seiryo and his crew along with President Da Ruma. Some party poppers went off.

“Welcome, new lucky warriors!” President Da Ruma said. “We were waiting for you.”

× × ×

Makihi and several others were watching the recruiting from the observation room of the Racepshi. The fortune fleet took a short distance jump, and Racepshi moved to keep up with the Big Da Ruma.

“Ahaha. No matter how you look at it, this whole display of theirs is so flashy.” Washu said from behind Makihi. Makihi's daughters bowed and left the room, Maito went out with them.

“Oh my, I guess they didn't like it?”

They seemed pretty traumatized from the scan she did with “Mr. Slimy #3”. Maya who remained there was concealing herself behind Makihi and her legs were trembling a little.

“I don't blame them, that was quite an... ordeal.” Makihi said calmly.

“Yes, but I got some good data from it.”

“Speaking of, why did you have me keep Maya here ... Do you have any news about Seina's compatibility results?”

“It's too soon for that, but I'll let you know when I know.”

“Then what is it?”

“Your daughters’ genetics are fine, I see no sign of any future mental problems developing and it seems like they all have a very high stress tolerance. When dealing with Seina, that's a good thing.”

“Oh, how wonderful to hear.” Makihi gladly looked at the data being presented by Washu.

“Her kids with Seina might be born with a biased probability too, but that is a difficult thing to predict. I don't see any anomalies happening with Seina's DNA.”

“Is it possible to check probability fluctuations?”

“Well with a group like a big family it is, it's advantageous that you have so many people to check.”

“But do you have to use Mr. Slimy Number 3?”

“Uhuhuh no, that's just a fetish of mine. I'm using Mamoru-kun for Maiko-chan, I could have used it for all of them.”

* * * **Translators’ note: Mamoru-kun is the ball with a face she puts on the Tenchi households heads. * * ***

Maiko was Maito's twin sister.

“Please do so!”

“By the way, Ms. Washu, why did you call Maya here?” Makihi kept laughing and pushed Maya forward as Maya protested with watery eyes.

“Oh yeah! I told you that there were girls who cause Seina's probability to change didn't I?”

“... ... Maya is one of them?”

“What we now know is that they reverse Seina's probability vector in groups of four... It seems that there was an incident with his original astral in the past... Now, because it has melted into the astral sea, I don't know exactly who the original was, but something happened back then in those days when they existed.”

“What do you mean?”

I can't tell, but it has been said that once an intense change in the astral sea was caused by four women and one male, and the three-dimensional world was reshaped as a result of the intense change?”

“Is it tied to destiny?”

“Uhuhuhu... ... if you want you can put it in such a romantic way.”

“Washu, Actually I ... ...” Maya who showed interest in the story came out from hiding behind Makihi. “... Occasionally I have a strange re-occurring dream, which is painful to talk about, but in it I become a certain person and have various experiences ...”

“Maya has told me about this dream from long ago, but I thought that it was due to her being raised in Racepshi. You know how we get people from all over talking about everything.”

Racepshi was a place privy to many stories from all over. All kinds of plays, movies, books, scenario data, etc. were gathered from classics to Sci-Fi. Maya had lived in that enormous data library from the moment she was born.

“That's why I am concerned about the material from the Earth that Washu brought me. I feel something really nostalgic ... ... I have seen some of those places, but honestly, I'm curious why up to this point I have never remembered them. “

“Do you think it's because I told you those stories?”

“As a result of comparing the original astral structure known at the moment with the astral configuration of Maya, they are 34% in agreement, there is a possibility that it will be even higher if she learns more about it.

“What does that mean? Is that number high?”

“Memory feedback begins to occur from the astral sea when it exceeds 10%. It's said that causes a feint feeling of Deja Vu about a previous life, but in Maya’s case, because that number is so high, the possibility that memories will come back from the feedback is very high.”

“Seina, is my ... ... destiny .....” Maya muttered with a look like euphoria on her face.

“Hey, look, I get that she's been interested in this for quite a while, but as a mother, should I be applying the hand brake?”

Washu approached Makihi. “It can't be helped like she said “It's her destiny” ... Even so ...”

“Even so?”

“... What if it were me? If it were my husband or son I would abandon my current position and I would be going to stop them.”

“Well, if anything ... I don't think she's fallen too hard for Seina ...” Makihi said with a shaky face, Makihi had never seen Maya look so euphoric...

Washu, breathed a small sigh, remembered the other women who were around Seina. “Uhuhu ..... speaking of falling heavy for Seina, there are plenty others, Airi-chan, Mikami-dono, Seto, etc. ...so it might be ok to send her after him ... with Seina there are always excellent watchdogs in the room.”

“Well then ... ... I guess you can go after him as long as you come back here soon, I need to brief you on the new renovations we will be doing to Racepshi.”

* * * **Translators’ note: This is about 7:30 into the anime, episode 20. * * ***

Finally, things had settled down, Seto took Fuku back to the Kamidake’s Bridge. The Kamidake, was going to the space where it first performed the first short-distance jump and link experiment with the Mikagami.

“... The Galactic Federation is then going to search for the Da Ruma guild base ...”

“Are the lucky ships that much of a threat?”

“As a result of detailed investigation, I found that the existence of the lucky ships is amplifying the biased probability of the entire Da Ruma Guild, it's still not known how or how much, but it can be said that GP income and expenditures are already about 3% lower and higher respectively than last year.”

That number was comparable to the annual budget of a few medium sized nations.

“... ... Are you serious?”

“Well, beyond the GP, there's no doubt that more serious damage has befallen the various general corporations, so it's an urgent matter.”

“Gaaaah ... ... this is all because of that idiot!”

“Well ... ... What is Tennan Zaibatsu doing in this situation? Aren't they in a position to recall Professor Seiryo?”

“No and it’s useless to try to get them to ... they are feeling no economic pressure over there.”

“Well, I have it on good authority from a source that the Tennan Conglomerate is hurting the most from all this.” Amane said.

Seto looked with a wry smile so as to affirm Amane's words. The fact that Seiryo caused a lot of damage to the Galactic Federation meant that the Tennan Conglomerate's expenses for exporting were now much higher and all their shipments were exports to the Da Ruma guild after all.

“... ... I feel a little sorry for them ... ...”

“Don't waste effort sympathizing with that idiot... “

“Well, the GP has already given top priority to shooting the fortune ship down, but no one has been able to find it yet. Of course, the damage caused by the Space Pirates is increasing, but I expect the Kamidake will put an end to this before that happens.”

“The Captain's bad luck VS. Mr. Tennan's good luck, who will win...”

“What the ...?”

Seto noticed that Kiriko was suddenly starring at the monitor and was silent. “What's wrong with you?”

“... ... Seto-sama ... ... the Captain’s bad luck has won.”

The main monitor showed the wave forms seen from a hyperspace jump out.

“There's no mistake. That's a lucky ship judging from the energy to mass ratio.”

“... .... Ohoohohoho, the Federations hardships are over ... ...” Truly Seto could only laugh at this situation. “What was I even worried about...”

The Mikagami was stored in the Kamidake's subspace. They prepared it to leave for normal space. A few seconds later, the fortune ship that led the fleet had jumped out.

× × ×

“We meet again Seina Yamada! Are you ready for us to defeat you?” Seiryo confidently laughed as he broadcasted video to the Kamidake from the Unko's Bridge.

However contrary to Seiryo's good mood, there was a cold expression on the faces of the crew around him.

“Surrender quickly you idiot!”

“Amane ... ... why do we have to be enemies? Oh well, such is fate...”

“Seina! Sink every one of that idiots luck ships! Make them into his coffin!”

“Uhuhuh ... ... this is no ordinary luck ship? No! Nope! Negative! Uhuh! Let me unveil this ships new name!” Suddenly the crew looked afraid.

“Hey, stop it ... you don't have to tell everyone ...” Komachi quickly said in an effort to stop him. The other crew members greatly appreciated this.

“What are you saying? You told me it’s proper for combatants to give their names before a fight!”

“That's true ... but ...”

“Ha ha ha, yeah, that's what I thought!”

“No, wait a moment! That's true, but now is a bit different, it's different!” Komachi quickly corrected herself, but Seiryo didn't hear her.

“Ha Ha ha ha! Seina Yamada! Listen carefully! Don't be afraid to hear the name of this ship!

“Hey, get him off the line!”

“I have no control! The Captain's seat has priority!” Barry yelled with a crying face.

“The name of our ship! That name that means to bring forward luck ... ...”

“Wait a moment!!” All of the crew jumped out of their seat to hold Seiryo back all at once. However, Seiryo dodged their attacked.

“It's THE UNKOOOOOOOO!” he declared loudly.

* * * **Translators’ note: Unko means both luck bringer, and poop. * * ***

“It's the Unko ... Unko ... Unko ... ...” Seiryo’s voice echoed on the Kamidake’s bridge which was silent.

“... ... ... I told you, now ... kill that idiot!” Amane frowned and looked towards Kiriko who couldn't believe her ears.

“I'm sorry, what did he say? Did I hear that right?” She looked at Erma.

“Wow, did he really ... ...”

Erma looked at Neiju who looked down embarrassed. She then looked at Hakuren, but Hakuren had already entered a thought loop and was muttering nonsense. Karen turned red and trembled with teary eyes, Gyokuren hid behind Karen, Suiren lost consciousness and fell down.

“Mya! Mya! Mya!” Fuku was looking concerned at the scene.

“Uhm… …” Erma finally looked to Seto to seek help.

“... ... The Captain of this ship is Seina, right?” She looked at Seina with eyes that seemed nostalgic and looking far away.

“That brings back memories, of my elementary school classroom, usually someone would find it... They would stab it with twigs or something and chase me with it... Come to think of it Kiriko-san, it was usually Kai who did that.”

Kiriko looked at Amane while moaning with embarrassment.

“... ... Uhm ... Amane ..... You... you were childhood friends with Seiryo right?”

“The guy I knew in the past was chased by a Garuga at my house, he fell into the sea and is still missing.” To Amane, calling Seiryo a childhood friend was something she wanted to suppress. She forcibly remodeled her memory and tried to make it as if that were the truth.

“Who would name a ship that, what was he thinking?” Seto decided to end this conversation. She looked mad. “Let's prematurely incinerate and disinfect this thing before it stinks up the galaxy with strange smells!”

“Agreed!” Everyone agreed more than usual.

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“Ha ha ha! Fire an all-out assault!” Unlike the Kamidake's crew, the morale of the Unko's crew was high. They were trying to forget their embarrassment by being immersed in the battle. The fleet began to attack the Kamidake.

Last time, the guns of the lucky ship fired into a gap in the shields. This time all their gunfire concentrated at the gap to try to take it out all at once. All the focused attacks were easily avoidable though

“Part of the shield of Kamidake has disappeared, the next shot will hit them!”

“Okay!”

However, the shots were all focused on a vital point of the Kamidake's, they were guarded against easily and scattered

“What's going on?”

“There's no energy reaction value! The shields should have disappeared!?”

“But something really shiny is coming out! What's that!?”

“That light ... ... those are Light Hawk Wings!” Komachi shouted.

“Where did it come from!?”

“It was in the Kamidake! It's a ship with a high level of performance, its internal compression space should also be large.”

“Everyone fire! Spread out!”

× × ×

“... ... Link, normal.”

“As expected, like Ryo-Ohki, it seems reasonable that it is able to link with a royal tree ... ... thanks Washu.” Seto stood and muttered like a soliloquy. “Leave defense to the Mikagami. Kamidake concentrate on attacking! Destroy all the ships! Fuku-chan! Do it!

“Myaaa!” The Kamidake, protected by the Light Hawk Wings, improved its hit accuracy dramatically and its defense got better without taking any evasive maneuvers. However.....

“The attack is being reflected!”

The Kamidake's high power attacks had destroyed the shields of the pirate ships with a single shot, but the armor was deflecting the shots.

“A KZM coating is applied to the enemy ship's outer armor!”

“Are you serious?”

KZM was an expensive material used for coating the cores of gun barrels. They had never heard of using it as outer hull armor

“They are the Da Ruma Guild, so they have the resources to do so, but the coating shouldn't be that thick.” Seto said, so several attacks were concentrated, and the hull started to detach. Nonetheless, the pirate ship was named the luck bringer. There were a few ships that were wrecked quite a bit, fragments of KZM created a wall that dispersed attacks.

“The debris are making a force field!”

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“Captain! The damage rate to the fleet is expanding, escape will be impossible in a few minutes.”

“Retreat, retreat all ships! We can't stand to lose a single ship to Seina Yamada!”

× × ×

“The Enemy fleet, is entering hyperspace!”

“Don't let them escape!”

“Miaaa... ...” At that time, Fuku raised a bitter pained cry.

Even though she heard the screams of Fuku, Seto didn't stop, no, she couldn't stop herself.

“Aim for the flagship!”

“Seto no!”

“Gaaah!” Seto snapped back to reality after hearing Seina's voice. She breathed heavily. Seina's ability to detect the crisis was understood by Seto. As Seina got her attention, Seto returned to sanity.

“...No... I'm sorry, I cannot let this little critter be pushed any further.”

“Stop pursuit immediately! Fuku, it’s OK.” Seina rushed to calm down Fuku.

“Miyaaaa!” Fuku, who was relieved by Seina's words, jumped off the table and ran to him.

“... I'm sorry, it was terrible to make you control the Mikagami's power even though your wounds aren't healed.”

Although she wasn't exerting much control over it, the energy of Mikagami flowed through her and was expressed through the table in the center of the Kamidake. Fuku was breathless and shaking. As expected, Seina was stroking Fuku with an expression that looked sorry, Fuku licked his hand gently. Thanks to Seina stopping the battle before anything dangerous happened, Fuku was able to get up and jump the ship away not long after.

“You did great, Fuku-chan.” The best medicine for Fuku was to be praised by Seina and Kiriko. Fuku who was stroked by everyone was cheerful and began to jump around.

“... ... It was a risky battle, but what we got in return was also great.” Seto said, watching the plasma like space outside with a complicated expression, originally an encounter with a lucky ship was not in her calculations. She quickly changed her mood when she thought about it. “A link between the Kamidake and royal trees ... ... now we have the valuable data we need.”

It was data that could be said to be the value of thousands of ships, it was key to Jurai's defense and victory.

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The newcomer Space Pirates were at the docks talking about their situation.

“... ... Why did they name it that?”

For the newcomer Space Pirates, the ships name was more trouble than the Kamidake.

“It's useless to question it. That was the Captain and Da Ruma's decision.”

“My parents will be so ashamed... ... They boasted to all their neighbors and acquaintances.”

“Mine too.”

“But as soon as they heard the name ... there smiles faded, now the neighbors have begun to talk bad about them.”

“My girlfriend broke up with me, I wish we had been blown up by the Kamidake ...”

While saying that, the rookie Space Pirates looked up again at some lucky scarecrows.

“I hope we get re-assigned.”

× × ×

“You want a re-selection of the whole crew ... ...?” Da Ruma and Seiryo enjoyed dinner at Racepshi's finest restaurant.

“Yeah, I have no need for those extra ships.”

“Indeed, we should consolidate each of the luckiest members into one ship ...”

“Yes, we need one large heap of luck, that's the key to victory Mr. President!”

“... Well ... OK, let's prompt the fleet crew to re-select immediately.” Da Ruma smiled and lifted his glass containing a red wine-like liquid. “Glory, for the Unko!”

“For the Unko!”

They cheered.

× × ×

“Oh, what's the hubbub?”

Washu came to the living room where breakfast was being prepared. This was a private space for Makihi, but for the top dancer of Racepshi it was quite plain, like a small old farmhouse.

“Are Da Ruma's guys doing some kind of athletic competition?”

On a large monitor, a tournament for selecting new members was being held in a large hall on Racepshi.

“Well, it’s more luck based then anything ... ... oh, excuse me, there having a reselection for the crew members of a single consolidated lucky ship.”

Washu began to eat breakfast, Makihi was careful not to say the ships name.

“I see, so they were hurt by the Kamidake + Mikagami combination, so they’re going to narrow down the number of people?”

In the big hall, many Space Pirates were trying various kinds of games of luck. A stepping stone in a pond sank and they fell in. Some climbed up and run down a wall. Some put their hands in a box and were given what was inside. A man fell through a panel on a sandy beach and fell in mud ... ... The problem was that the expressions of those who failed were brighter than those who succeeded.

“The name must have been really important.”

“For a lucky ship, it was a bit extreme.”

“Uhuhuhu... ... that's what they get for over thinking it, but what if they end up too lucky to encounter the Kamidake?”

“Is something wrong?”

“Which way are you leaning on their fate?”

“... ... Oh, I see. Well, for me, it is better for Yamada to be safe, so that's good for you I suppose.”

“Well damn, but aren't they supposed to be your customers?”

“Racepshi is neutral in this ... and also ...” on the screen there was Maya participating in the games.

“I see, so you have to make sure your obligations are fulfilled, but naturally, getting on a lucky ship is an act of battle, is it okay for her to do so?”

“I gave her an advanced guardian system so she should be ok. Anyway, I would like to see how Yamada does in a fight. “

“I could have just had her entered into the GP.”

“Maya is the one who decided she wanted to do it.”

“You just want to test her probability bias, don't you?”

“I don't know how you think about the situation Washu, but for us it's a good reason to put her life at stake.”

“A bit dramatic ... isn't it?”

“Yes.” Makihi answered with a full smile.

Chapter Five: Do you want to climb a mountain?

The Kamidake, which came into Jurai's satellite orbit, detached from the Mikagami at the armored dock of the Juraian main defense satellite. It took quite a while to detach it because it was quite deep in Kamidake's subspace.

"Even if we encountered a fortune ship, it would be impossible to separate from the Mikagami like this." Seto murmured while watching the Mikagami come out through the subspace gate of Mikagami's residential area.

"Miah, Mia!" Fuku hugged Seina, she seemed to be a little saddened as she watched the Mikagami separate from her.

"I'm sorry, I know you got along well with Mikagami." Seto stroked her with a wry smile. "But wait a while Fuku, I'll introduce you to a new friend soon."

"Miah?"

"Just wait." Seto stroked Fuku with both hands and a little roughly.

"Well, let's go Kiriko-chan." She headed for the transfer gate with Kiriko.

"Captain, the Kamidake will go to the designated dock on Tenju as planned." Hakuren was in the operator's seat instead of Kiriko.

"Please proceed." When Seina reached the Captain's seat, the Kamidake left the armored dock and started descending to Jurai.

"It's the second time I've been here, but it's as amazing to see as ever."

Last time he saw the view of the sunrise in the early morning, this time it was a daytime view. Tenju was illuminated by the sun, and it allowed the whole view to be seen but Fuku seemed to be more excited than him to see it.

"Mia! Mia!"

"Well then Fuku, this is first time you've seen this, isn't it?"

"Well ... when we left Jurai she was still an egg, but didn't the ship record the original arrival?" Amane said, looking at Erma for confirmation.

"Although there's a record in the ship's navigation system ... ... it seems not to be stored as a picture, so in a way this is the first time she's seen it ... . Oh!"

"Mia!?"

At that time, the image of Tenju displayed on the main monitor of the bridge disappeared. Then all monitors and lights on the bridge disappeared, and it became dark…

“Hey what's going on!?”

“Fuku!? Hey Fuku, what did you do?”

While sitting idly at the central table, Fuku didn't respond and looked shaky.

“Please wait!” Hakuren quickly activated the safe mode manually. However, they weren't able to regain control. “I have no control over the ship, but the ship's navigation and orbit is normal ... ... maybe ... ...”

At that time, several nerve light lines began to blink in the pitch dark.

“Is this!?” Seina, who had been in contact with the royal trees, remembered the light source and its sensation. “It's the Nerve lights of royal trees!”

—— Welcome back.

—— Welcome.

—— Welcome home.

—— Welcome.

—— Welcome.

“Miah! Mia! Mia! Mia! Mia! Miaa! Mia!” Fuku jumped around joyfully in the rain of nerve lights.

“... ... Is that what I think this is?” Hakuren leaned against the backrest of the seat as if she was relieved.

“Well, what's happening?”

“The royal trees are greeting the Kamidake ... ... No, they are celebrating Fuku's homecoming.” Hakuren began to explain to Seina, who looked strangely at Fuku and the rain of nerve lights.

“This is likely what happens when Royal Trees who have been away from Jurai for a long time return ...”

“Fuku was brought to Jurai, and then she left for quite a long time, didn't she?”

“Perhaps that's why. Seto said that the trees and Ryo-Ohki are closely related to each other, it seems that the trees think she is a relative that has come back ... No, on the contrary, maybe they think she is a child born here.”

The lights started tickling them.

“Miah! Mia! Mia! Mia! Mia! Miaa! Mia!” Fuku, who seemed happy, jumped around.

“Ga ... ... Ha ha, Ahahahaha!” Seina finally burst into laughter with that, all the crew smiled and laughed.

Guided by the Trees, the Kamidake came to a large dock in the upper common area of Tenju, exclusively used by royalty.

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The Mikagami, was acting differently from the Kamidake as it headed towards the top of Tenju, to a private port in the Masaki family area.

The high-ranking officials of the Masaki family, Funaho and Azusa lined the port and greeted Kiriko and Seto as they got off from Mikagami. Funaho walked up to greet her. Kiriko walked a bit uncomfortably up to and greeted her. For Kiriko, she was both her colleague and her boss. It was a bit embarrassing to be greeted by her.

“We've been waiting, Kiriko chan.”

“I'm sorry I didn't get to see you last time ... ...”

“Let's not waste any time with greetings.” Funaho gently lead Kiriko to the front gate.

”Kiriko-chan!” After passing through the gate, Misaki finally unleashed herself from Azusa's side and rushed over to hug Kiriko. “You're the best!”

Azusa sighed. Misaki was like a ticking time bomb. The reason why Misaki was able to keep from hugging Kiriko for such a long time was that she was in a public place with witnesses. Misaki's hugging was infamous. But her position as the second wife of the Emperor of Jurai meant she had to retain some dignity in public.

For those who were born within the past few hundred years, Azusa’s regime was recognized internally and externally, but there were still many people who had known Misaki as a child. Even so, Misaki was a respected Princess. So, she had to maintain an air of dignity. But Azusa and Funaho were aware that it was hard for Misaki to do. For Misaki, seeing Kiriko was like being reunited with her daughters after a long absence. Besides, Kiriko was a pretty cute girl who resembled Funaho and was very similar in character.

“Tsukiko-chan was so cute back in the day.”

“I've heard that from a lot of people.”

“But then she went to the academy, and soon Kiriko-chan was born, and she retreated to the Earth.”

“Heh ... ... I'm sorry... ...?”

“Oh no, it's fine. You’re a part of our family now, but I still want to adopt Tsukiko-chan.”

“... But that would make me and my mother sisters ...”

For Kiriko there was a considerable sense of incongruity, but for Misaki who was over 700 years old, the age difference between Kiriko and Tsukiko was more like that between sisters not parents and children.

“Ah!” After going through several transfer gates, Kiriko stopped suddenly.

“What's wrong?” As Misaki looked into the face of Kiriko strangely, Funaho quickly noticed the reason.

“Kiriko, you've already been authorized to enter here.”

The reason Kiriko hesitated was that she was now in the area of the Royal Trees. It was a place that was off limits to even royalty if they weren't allowed in.

“Oh, that's right!” Misaki realized what was going on and pushed Kiriko forward.

“Mi, Misaki-sama!”

“Go ahead ♡”

The contradiction of this place was that it was the oldest building in Tenju yet looked to be one of the newest. A colorful building material colored like persimmon juice gave it a unique atmosphere. This building material wasn't permitted for use currently, it was wood cut out from Tenju itself, and even though it hadn't been treated or reinforced, it stayed the same as it had been when it was originally cut and in an odd way it had reintegrated with the living part of the tree. Originally Tenju, or rather Jurai was filled with a dense green smell everywhere, the passage was full of the rich smell, even richer than the smell of the fresh early morning air.

“We'll arrive soon,” Azusa warned. Misaki hugged Kiriko firmly and dragged her along.

“Hello everyone, I've been waiting for you.” Syūzan Amaki was standing in front of the door to the chamber of the Royal Trees.

Syūzan once fought back against the Masaki family and Seto, but had since given up the position of the head of the Amaki family to his son and had left all that behind him. His body had been completely transformed since then. He was much older, and fatter, and happier. In a way, it was a testament to what happened when you got on Seto's bad side…

“Mr. Syūzan Amaki, I am Masaki Kiriko. I am sorry to have troubled you today. I'm afraid I'm still a very young person to be given such an honor. To be adopted into the family of the Juraian emperor is a great honor, I have no intention of defiling that honor. As a member of the royal family, I will make every effort to live up to it, so please give me guidance and encouragement.”

“I've heard about you and your accomplishments for some time Kiriko. I think a young woman like you will make an excellent member of the royal family and you have my full support.” Syūzan narrowed his eyes. “It is a pity that we are not able to publicize your true identity as royalty, but Seto is dead set on delaying it. For what reason I don't know, maybe she just wants you and the Kamidake's Captain to be able to live a quiet life ... ... aha aha ha ha ha.”

“Mmmf rude.” Seto showed up next to him with puffed up cheeks.

“Well then, let's get this started.”

“Well ... ... Kiriko-chan, this time, Seto-sama, Syūzan, I and Funaho will be your witnesses so we will be coming with you. Please put your hand on the door.”

“Thank you.” Kiriko bowed deeply towards the four witnesses and put her hands on the huge door with a tense face.

At the moment when Kiriko lightly touched the door, the door which was ten-stories high began to make a heavy noise as it began to open. The fragrance of a tree similar to a peach fruit came drifting out from inside.

“Come now, this way” Led by Syūzan, Kiriko advanced to the transfer gate.

They went into the sanctum with the Royal Trees. If a person was able to warp on the transfer gate it would lead them to the second generation chamber meaning they would become partnered with a second generation tree or higher so it was traditional to step on the warp pad first because about 90 percent of the people who acquired trees only ended up with third generation trees, and those who acquired a second generation tree were rare.

“Come now, Kiriko, let's see how the trees have chosen.” Syūzan said to Kiriko who headed slowly towards the transfer gate. The moment she stood on the plate it glowed.

“Oh!” A groan rose from everyone on the spot.

“Wow!” Syūzan was happy with this incident.

They were going to be transferred to the 2nd generation chamber.

Before, Syūzan's son had gotten a second generation tree, but Syūzan himself, didn't witness it, so this would be his first time there.

“Are you joining us?” Syūzan said to Funaho and Seto with excitement.

“No, please excuse us.” Seto and Funaho bowed to Azusa, Misaki, and Minaho and remained in place.

“I'll give you a report later,” Azusa smiled. There only needed to be three witnesses, the upper limit was undefined. However, Azusa, Misaki, and Minaho and Syūzan were all for now.

After the minimum number of witnesses stood on the plate of the transfer gate they were sent off.

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Seina, who was told by Minaho that it would take time to choose a tree, left the Kamidake and headed to the accommodation facility guided by Seto's officers.

“Myan! Myan!” Fuku was in a good mood.

Of course, the officer holding her seemed to be in a good mood too.

“It's a great honor to get a second-generation or higher tree.” Hakuren, who accompanied Seina, knew what it meant when it was said that the rituals for selecting trees was going to take some time.

“Seto-sama's Mikagami is also a second generation, right? Can it control Fuku?”

“The connection isn't formed that way and I don't think the Mikagami can do that, I think the Kamidake has appropriate countermeasures in place to prevent it, in any case, the Kamidake is a great ship.”

“Unlike that dirty ship piloted by that idiot ... ... ahahahaha.”

“Even so, it's lucky and that's all it needs.”

“Well, it can't be that lucky since it was given such an embarrassing name.”

The female officers and Seina entered the transfer gate.

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The gate to which Seina’s group were transferred was much smaller than the previous one. Several people were transferred sequentially. Hakuren and her team came out of the gate last.

“This is the area for the Kamiki family.” Hakuren said after looking around.

“Have you been here?” Seina looked around but couldn't see anything to distinguish it from the previous area.

“Yes, I can tell from subtle shape of the branches and buildings, we've seen it a lot since we are Seto-sama's female officers.”

The building in front of them seemed to be some sort of relay point.

“Everyone, please come here.” The leading chief said when they got in the vicinity of the building.

Seina stopped walking and looked around.

“... ...This area reminds me of Seina's hometown, like it's something from the Earth.”

The design shape was Juraian, but what Amane was sensing was the somewhat rustic atmosphere the building gave off, like that of an old-fashioned rural home. The garden was well maintained, but not meticulously planned. Of course, Jurai had plenty of such places, but this one seemed a little messy. However, Hakuren felt something else was off, she looked around without making it obvious.

“Is that……” Hakuren tried asking a question when…

“Welcome Seina.” out of the house came Kanemitsu's wife, Yuzaki.

“Ah……” Seina remembered the time they battled.

“It's been a long time.”

Hakuren and her team bowed reflexively and lined up. Although she was on maternity leave, Yuzaki was still a fleet captain.

“Attendants, thank you for your hard work.”

“Attendants?” Hakuren frowned.

“I know it's a bit strange, but I want Seina to get to meet my new daughter, just the two of them.” Yuzaki's daughter was still baby. There was no reason for anyone to object really.

“You might want to take a seat.”

“What do we do in the meantime?”

“Don't worry I've prepared a special arrangement for you.” As soon as Yuzaki said that, the ground where Hakuren and Amane were standing began to shine.

“A transfer gate!?”

It was a trap type gate, used to capture enemy soldiers and animals. Amane quickly tried to escape, but it was already too late, they were transferred somewhere else, leaving only Fuku and Seina.

“Amane! Where is everyone?!” Seina called.

Yuzaki grabbed Seina's arms and rushed him away from the site.

“It's okay, I have escorts arranged to protect you in their absence. They'll be back by tomorrow.” Yuzaki said with carefree smile that didn't feel evil like Airi, Washu, or Seto's, but the word escorts made him nervous. Fuku seemed a bit worried too.

“All right, I'm going to leave you alone for a while now.” Yuzaki signaled to the officer holding Fuku and left.

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“Where are we?” Amane, who had been transferred, looked around to check for danger.

The place where they were transferred was a building with a domed roof about 20 meters high. The walls and the floor were just grass that resembled velvet. In Jurai there was a type of moss used instead of carpeting on the floor, and in the direction Karen looked she saw a person who could tell them what was going on.

“What's going on here Kanemitsu?” Karen said, they all turned to look at him. Kanemitsu looked a little disparaged, like he too had been forced into this situation and wasn't having any fun at all. They felt uneasy about the many backpacks that were lined up next to Kanemitsu.

“What's all this?” Then next to Kanemitsu another light was generated, and a woman was transferred in.

“What!!!! What the hell is this?!” The woman, who was making a big fuss, was a Wau, a rare sight in Jurai. It was Nene. Ringo's attendant.

“Oh no... Why?! That only makes this worse!” Kanemitsu looked up to the heavens and quickly gave up.

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“Seina, I'm going to borrow Fuku-chan.” Seina understood her intentions.

“I'll bring her back at dinner time.”

“Okay, Fuku be a good girl and go with her.”

“Mia!”

“Well then, Seina, this way.”

The female officer headed off with Fuku and Yuzaki guided Seina into the house.

“... Wow, this is a cozy little house, isn't it?” As soon as he entered the house, he felt a little relieved by the atmosphere.

At first impression, it seems like an old Japanese house, it was awfully nostalgic. A baby was asleep in the living room of the house.

“Her name is Mikage,” the baby woke up and saw Seina.

“... ....? ... . Oh! Ka ah!” The little princess saw Seina's face and turned to him with a full smile and stretched her hands out at him.

”Eh!?”

“I always show her pictures of you, and recently she's begun to like seeing those more than she likes seeing my husband.”

“Uhm, speaking of, why isn't he here with you?”

“Ah ha ha! Because I don't want to be disturbed, he's together with Amane and the girls in Tenju's basement.”

“What?”

“I told you I wanted you two to have some alone time.” Yuzaki laughed and placed her hands on Seina's shoulders.

“……Eh?”

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“I see ... ... I understand the circumstances.”

Amane and the others were listening to Kanemitsu's explanation.

“That bitch Yuzaki, that girl isn't even one year old yet!”

“It's worse than just her playing matchmaker! I know that Seina is a decent, respectable man! But this is different ... ... She's taken away my daughter~! A father is supposed to get about seven years before his daughter starts hating him... ... ten if he’s lucky! But she already hates me.” Kanemitsu said with a face like he was about to cry.

“Oh... is that so?”

“I feel sorry for him.”

They all looked at Amane.

“Amane you should know best about this, is what he says true about fathers?”

“What? I... Uhm ... ...Uh ... ...” Amane looked around with confusion. Fortunately, as there were lots of other women of the same age here, they thought to themselves about it.

“Hmm... I'd say that's about right ... but I assume there are individual variances, I can't say for anyone but myself.”

“It's said that there is an instinctive fear in men of their daughters becoming adults and feeling that way ...”

“But don't women's relationships with their dads usually stabilize once they become adults? I wouldn't worry too much about it.”

“But if he overreaches and messes up the relationship, it will take him some time to restore it.”

“Or not...” While saying that, everyone looked at Amane.

“My dad is clingy and annoying ... ... Of course, I have a good relationship with my mother, so if you take after her, things might go your way more quickly ...” Amane explained as much as she could to Kanemitsu but honestly, she was not a psychologist, it was difficult to express her emotions on the subject in words.

“Well, I guess there's nothing I can do for now... we should probably get out of here ...” Kanemitsu quickly stood up.

“Uhm, Kanemitsu ... ... There's another person’s problem we haven't solved ... ...”

“What? ... ...” Karen pointed as he turned.

“Todo you idiot ... ... Todo, how could you!” Nene was scolding herself.

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“Kiriko-san ... ... No, did Kiriko get her tree yet?” Ringo put down the book she was reading after she had erected a privacy wall around her to take a call from Todo, her butler.

Ringo was in a mansion owned by her family in the Tatsuki family area. The Tatsuki family was the largest faction of the Imperial Family. Ringo had eight brothers and sisters. She came from a large family of over two hundred people if you included everything from nephews and nieces to her grandfather's great grandfather. Although it belonged to part of the royal family, and the mansion was huge, Ringo's room was only the size of a room that could fit two sisters in it.

“Yes. Last time Minaho contacted us.”

Since Ringo had an experimental lower generation tree ship, and because of her role in Seto's accounting division, she needed confidentiality. Mostly she used Honoka's residential area as her place of living.

“Is that so ... what a wonderful event, the birth of the second generation of a royal tree hasn't been seen in a long time.”

“This isn't good.”

“Todo, it's bad to even say such a thing.”

“But it means that Ringo must now become more aggressive than ever before now. Not only do you have to worry about Kiriko-sama, but the other's will rev their relationships into overdrive to compensate now.”

Previously, Kiriko had packed Ringo in a box and sent her back to Seto. That was something Kiriko had done out of uncontrolled jealousy.

“I'm not worried, I was able to talk with Seina on Imuim, just by ourselves ...”

“But Ringo, you're still handicapped against Kiriko, she is always by his side, isn't she?”

“It's not a competition ... ... Seina needs lots of people to assist him with his biased probability. If I tried to create discord between those people, it would snowball out of control.”

“Of course, going too far would cause a problem. But, being too reluctant is bad too ... ... and what if it happens again. If she packed you up like fruits and vegetables and sent you off because she's jealous, what will she do to you when you're a real emergency?”

“... ... why should I care?”

“You should care a lot ... and don't forget, the second time it was Seto who did it to you! You should take the news of Kiriko's second generation tree and use it to your advantage. The assimilation with the Kamidake was postponed to tomorrow, so Seina will be staying overnight in Jurai.”

In other words, she should deepen her friendship with Seina.

“Fortunately, Amane-sama is being entertained in Tenju's basement due to Yuzaki, so Seina is fair game.”

“Tenju's basement? Why were they sent there!?”

“Kanemitsu and Nene are also there.”

“Todo ... ... what did you do?” Todo smiled at Ringo’s question.

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“Gaaa ... aagh ... Todo you idiot! How could you Todo! Even though I support Ringo ... ... I wouldn't have disturbed her!”

(You might not disturb her, but you'd get in the way ... ...)

Nene’s personality would have caused obstacles just from her usual meddling. Everyone there was keenly aware of this from their experience with her on Earth.

“Nene. If you want to complain, then you're going to have to get back up there.” Karen said.

“That's right ... That's right! That's right! Okay! Todo ... Todo you bastard! I'll show you! I'm going to complain! I'm going to complain! I will complain!” Nene seemed to have regained her energy. “When do we start, we have to hurry up.”

They started preparing to climb immediately. Fortunately, GP uniforms, especially the Kamidake's crew's clothes were highly functional items that could also cope with emergency survival conditions. They were made to be able to withstand the heat and cold weather, from the absolute Zero degree weather of space to several thousand degrees of heat. Of course, it was strong against a certain degree of impact and corrosion too. They could climb Mount Everest easily and the backpacks had climbing tools and food items.

“... ... Alright now what.”

Preparations were complete. However, Amane looked around. For a moment, the scenery seemed like an illusion as if a Tenju without leaves was turned upside down. “Are these the roots?”

The thick roots reached far into the sky, like a myriad of elongated spider webs. The silhouettes emerging on the ground cast from the thinly lit sky looked like bolts of lightning.

“It's said that this is where the name of Jurai comes from,” Kanemitsu said to the girls, who looked at it stupefied.

*** * * Translators’ note: 樹雷 Jurai - Wood Lightning bolt * * ***

“When the first Emperor of Jurai originally discovered this planet, there was no Tenju, or rather only the bottom part of Tenju was there in its current state. So this underground part was already in this state. He started from here and worked his way up.”

“So that means the founder of the Royal family started here.”

“Yes, it's a story that children know well.”

Tsunami seemed to have been asleep in that spot for a few hundred million days, but her body was gigantic and had half turned into a tree. When the first Juraian Emperor got here, he climbed up Tsunami's body. So Tenju is the body of Tsunami herself, as well as “Tsunami” the royal tree, as such Tenju is a tree with an infinite lifespan.

“Anyways ... are we seriously supposed to climb this?”

The underground part of Tenju was more complicated to climb then one would expect. The space made by erosion and collapse over many years was so large it was hard to believe it was underground. It was like they had a really huge mountain range to climb up.

“But these are the roots of Tenju, and this basement is in the soil under it. How is the part above ground supported?”

“What you see is only a small part of the roots. In the latest survey, the roots of Tenju have been shown to have reached the mantle and some of them reach into different dimensions like the Royal Tree's.”

“Kuh... It's just like one would expect of the founder of the royal trees. It's still kinda insane to think about though.”

Even in this modern era, a top level high-dimensional life form with a power suitable for being referred to as a God was amazing. It would have been better for her to say unreasonable though rather than insane.

“There are many places in Tenju's basement that we don’t fully understand, but it's a place where train routes are being developed, so we aren't totally blind.”

“Kanemitsu, how far is it to the surface?” Amane asked.

“Oh, uh, about 5000 meters up.”

“... ... Seriously? ... ... How long does it take to climb that far?”

“There is a residential area and a public gate mid-way. Since we are Bio-Enhanced, it should only take us a day.”

“Still, it's a whole day ... ...”

“What?! What about me?? I haven't undergone Bio-Enhancement, I have the body of a child!” Neiju exclaimed.

“Of course, I'll carry you on my shoulders, because you're a shrine maiden. I was dropped here for that reason.”

“How come she gets to take it easy?! ... I won't have it!”

“If we take a way that everyone can take, our arrival will be delayed, is that okay? It will take a week if we go a way that someone with the strength of a shrine maiden can handle.”

“Let's hurry, Amane. I don't like that we don't know what's going on up there with Seina.” Hakuren said, asking Amane to give up her position.

“Fuck! Would you mind if I knock some sense into your wife when we get back?”

“Well, I guess, if it can't be helped.” Kanemitsu said.

“Alright then! Let's go!” Amane quickly took off.

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Unlike Amane who started to move, Ringo was still reluctant.

“I am aware of things that might pose a threat to your pursuit of him. Seina-san is in a bit of an awkward circumstance now. Although I am prepared to deal with the scolding they are going to give me for showing you this, I am prepared to give you all the information I have.”

“Well then, what is it!?”

“The situation is urgent, don't you think you should confirm it with your own eyes? Here it is, the key to unlocking it is in your personal data, Ringo-sama.”

“Fine, I'll talk to you about this again on a later occasion Todo.” Ringo glared at Todo as she cut communications and let down the privacy wall.

”Sister, are you going out?” Ringo's sister, Ichigo Tatsuki who was reading a book with Ringo before she erected the wall raised her head a little sadly.

This was the first time they had gotten to spend together in several weeks.

“I am sorry, it's urgent.”

“My sister is serving Seto, so it can't be helped.”

“It's about time we gave up the room to the girls in the lower right.”

Young children got to use one room at a time in shifts, if a room opened, they moved in order of age.

“... ... Although I will miss it, it can't be helped. I'll talk to mother for you, so please take care big sister.”

“Thank you, Ichigo. I'll be going now.” Ringo quickly left the room after Ichigo took a deep bow.

Chapter Six: Is your child a king?

“Wow!” Syūzan, who entered the royal tree selection chamber, stood as if he was deeply impressed by the sight. Inside the huge hollow trunk of Tenju, it was like the inside of the mother's womb. And the planted trees were floating in dish-shaped like pots. The placement, size of the tree, and the shape of each bowl was erratically inconsistent. There were places where they were stuck together to form narrow passages, and there were ones floating alone.

From somewhere in the sky, gentle sunshine poured down. The smell of the tree's fruit drifted in the room. This entire room was nothing but second generation trees.

Unlike Syūzan who was impressed by the sight, Kiriko was really nervous and was repeatedly breathing deeply. The Trees were the real rulers of Jurai. It was, in a way, the same as being brought to the throne.

“Come, greet them.” Funaho put her hand over Kiriko's shoulder to calm her.

“Oh... Yes...”

With the ceremony of tree selection, one stopped in front of each tree and greeted them. If the tree returned the greeting, it became your partner. If there was no greeting, they would move to the next tree. And if they got to the last tree and received no greetings, they would head to the next zone - with the first generation trees, or the zone of special trees such as the trees of Funaho and Misaki.

“Nice to meet you, my name is Masaki Kiriko.” Kiriko corrected her posture and bowed to the first tree.

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“Excuse me! Seina-sama!” Ringo came into the house with Seina and Yuzaki's daughter to find Seina holding a baby.

“Oh, it's you, Ringo!”

“.....” Ringo was puzzled.

“Oh, Ringo-sama! ... ... Thank god, you're here to save me.” Seina was relieved.

“What ... what on Earth is going on?”

“Yuzaki is forcing me to spend time with her child ... ... But I'm worried about my back luck ...”

“Oh!” Ringo realized the situation and changed moods. The problem was Seina had no one around to correct his bad luck and looking after a child alone was asking for trouble. It was an emergency, just not the kind Todo had led her to believe it was.

“I can't reach NB, I can't get in touch with anyone, and I can’t get out of here.” Moving large distances would attract disaster, and he couldn't leave the baby alone.

“Wow this is bad... ... Yuzaki-sama should know better ... ... Anyways, I'll change her diaper, is there anything else?”

“Can you get in touch with anyone else?”

“I can't contact anyone, I already tried, but in the evening the girls are going to bring Fuku, so we will have to do something until that time ...”

“Oh... uhm hey... Ringo... why exactly are you here anyways?”

“What's that?” She couldn't tell him why she was actually here.

“Uh well... uhm it's just... ack.” Seina lost track of the conversation as Mikage pulled at his face.

“Oh sorry, but I can't say why I'm here.”

“Well, whatever brought you are here, you saved me. Thank you for coming.”

(... I wonder what she's going to look like in a few decades.) Ringo thought while looking at Mikage, Ringo suddenly began to imagine the future. This place was a house used by those with high stature to further develop ones relationship as newlyweds. They got to do housework by themselves and grow a small vegetable garden for food. It was a house that allowed ordinary people to live a normal life. And even after the birth of children, there were many people who stayed there for a while to acquire a better emotional education.

“Oh ... ... uhm, did Yuzaki, tell you anything else? Like why she left you with Mikage.”

“She just said she wanted to give us some alone time to get acquainted ... ...”

(Indeed ... ... with Seina's luck she probably won't come back till tomorrow.) Ringo tried to access the transfer gate but transfer to outside areas was shut off. In other words, they were trapped here.

“Well, I guess I'll be helping you until this evening.” She looked at the baby. “Seina, do you mind if I hold her?”

“Yes, please.”

When Seina tried to pass Mikage to Ringo, she distorted her face and began to cry.

“Oh, sorry, did I do something wrong?” Ringo said sadly, but then a monitor with a milk bottle on it came up and sounded an alarm in front of Mikage.

“Oh, she's hungry. I'll get her some food, please hold her for me.” Seina left her with the baby and hurried to the kitchen. Seina brought back her baby bottle.

Mikage took the baby bottle and began to drink with raging momentum as if forgetting to breathe. It's as if she were distressed in the desert, finally arriving at an oasis and drinking water.

“Luckily she seems to have sensors monitoring her to make sure she’s ok.”

There was a sensor that constantly monitored abnormalities such as needing milk, defecation, illness, so even Seina, who had no experience, knew what was wrong. Seina was relieved to see Mikage drink the milk, and then he grew interested in the baby bottle.

“That's the first time I’ve seen a baby bottle in space, the shape is surprisingly similar to the ones on the Earth.”

“If people's shape and function are the same, there's not much need for a difference in shape, so I don't know what the baby bottles on Earth are like, but if there are technical differences, like the ingredients of milk it doesn't affect the way the milk and the baby get together.”

“If NB was there, it would be able to tell me more about it ... ...”

The baby drank a big gulp then took a breath. “Pwaaaa!”

Seina and Ringo looked at each other at the same time and started laughing. The atmosphere was fun, Mikage was happy and in a good mood. She was looking up at Ringo like she wanted Ringo to hold her.

“I'll go put the bottle back.” Seina gently left so as not to destroy that pleasant atmosphere.

Seina went to the kitchen, the baby bottle was supposed to be put in a special washing opening. When he came back, he paused and stealthily watched what was going on in the room without disturbing the scene.

Ringo was holding the sleeping baby and was staring at her lovingly. It was a sacred and beautiful sight. Ringo now had a different charm about her from the one he had felt on Imuim. Seina turned red from ear to ear.

(Calm down, calm down) Seina took a deep breath and restrained himself from shaking so that Ringo wouldn't notice. He went into the living room as if nothing had happened.

“Is she asleep?”

“Yes, she's lovely ... ...” Ringo said she looked in Seina's direction quickly. “So, what do you think of the sleeping face of your future bride?” She asked jokingly.

“Uh, about that ... ... is it a custom on Jurai for parents to decide marriage like this so early?”

“It depends on the time and the case. It also depends on one's position. There's not much difference from the Earth, but if Yuzaki-sama has decided it, then it is so. This child will most definitely choose Seina as a companion. Of course, if you're a disgusting jerk, it is also possible for her refuse ... but it's going to be hard to persuade her to believe that's true.”

“Eh? But... ...” At that time, Seina remembered Yuzaki's words.

– – – Well, I'll leave it up to her.

“... Is that what she meant when she said she would leave it up to her?”

“Oh, in that case, persuasion is impossible, isn't it?”

“Huh?”

“Someone may have already heard from someone, but in the upper part of Jurai and the Academy, consultations are being held to decide matters of both your public and private life, including women. That decision must have been made officially.”

“What ... ... me?”

“Yes, and your marriage partners.”

“... ... There's multiple?”

“In Seina's hometown, monogamy is the law. I understand that it is difficult to accept easily, but it's dangerous to give someone like you, with your biased probability, to only one woman.”

“Oh!” Seina understood it all. It was cruel, especially if they suffered from being with Seina and If a child was born and Seina's bad luck was inherited, even more so.

“Well, that's right I suppose... ...” This fact was quite a shock, but one he had begun to think of since he went home. However, Seina's life was centered around that fact. Until recently he had never even considered getting married, especially not getting married so soon.

“As far as marriage is concerned, it is still ahead of you, so I think that it is okay to think slowly about it. But there are circumstances like that which will happen, so Yuzaki will not withdraw her nomination of Mikage.”

“I understood the meaning of that but ... ...”

“Oh, why did she want you to change Mikage's diaper?”

“Well, that wasn't something I was going to ask but should I?”

“A Juraian woman does not expose her skin to any other than her husband, so it's significant to be allowed to change the diaper ...” Ringo blushed and averted her gaze.

----Ringo showed her skin to Seina plenty on Imuim... so did Kiriko... and Seto...

*** * * Translators’ note: This gives more connotation to Ryoko taking Ayeka's towel off in the onsen episode. * * ***

“But she's a baby, I was asked to do it. How can you get something like that from something like this?”

“Well, it's just part of Yuzaki's strategy.”

“Would you mind explaining!?”

“... ..... pahahahaha!” When looking at Seina who was puzzled, Ringo burst out laughing. She restrained herself when she realized Seina thought he was being made fun of.

“... Did you just make a fool of me?”

“Sorry, I thought you were kidding when you said you didn't know, but ... well.” Ringo took a big breath and tried to restore herself, but as soon as she saw Seina's face, she began to laugh again. “Actually, a member of the royal family was once forced to marry his wife all because he had to change his future wife's diaper. It's a well-known story that actually happened. Of course, it’s a story that everyone knows, so it's kind of a classic joke ...”

“Oh, I see, so you didn't believe I didn't know it?”

“I'm sorry, I shouldn't have laughed like that. But it was so unexpected.”

It was such a well-known and predictable trap that it was like expecting Seina to step on a banana on the floor. Any normal person would recognize it as the oldest trick in the book, which is why she couldn't help but laugh.

“Do you not want the engagement?”

“No, rather, for me marriage is a luxury option I can't afford. I would prefer this child choose a free future that is not bound by such constraints.”

“To be sure, Mikage will have her own will to do so. But there is no guarantee if she becomes an adult, for this child ... ... No, for any human of Jurai to be the wife of a great hero is an honor, a happy thing.”

“Eh?” Seina was amazingly surprised, and he pointed at himself in disbelief.

“Of course.”

“But am I a hero? Like that kind of hero... ... ... impossible.”

“What are you talking about Seina, you are hero to Jurai already.”

“Even so, things just happened, because I was involved, none of it was because of my power as an individual ...”

“We are aware of that, but it is still true that you personally have overcome many obstacles. Who is to judge that you are a hero, Seina? It's not yourself but others, and the world has judged Seina-sama to be a hero.”

“The world ...?”

“The incident when Seina first came to space was massive, but thanks to that, the entire economy instantly boomed beyond anything anyone ever expected.” Ringo who kept Seto’s finances, knew about this better than anyone. Tears of joy came to her eyes just remembering it. “And the seed of the Royal Tree ... The Juraian people cannot thank you enough for protecting our precious and important friend ... that was no small feat.”

“Well, that's true ...”

“Of course, other people can think about it however they want. But it's a well-known fact that you are the main reason that it was able to be saved. Above all else, you were the Kamidake No. 1's Captain, Seina, no matter how you evaluate yourself that is an immutable fact.” Ringo said,

“Is that ... ... Is that so?” Seina decided to accept the evaluation of him by the Juraians and pledged in his heart not to fail to honor that evaluation of him.

“Whether or not you accept the various multiple women being assigned to take care of you in public and private is ultimately your decision Seina-sama. Please take time to contemplate how you want to live your live as a private individual ... ...” Ringo said. She knew that decision could be extremely overwhelming.

Seina's influence had become too strong on the world. He already had the same influence on the public as the head of state. To protect his privacy, and themselves from Seina and their own influence on the world was an impossible task for anyone. Eventually he would need to be granted national asylum, or for him to have same level of defense as a major nation, at that point Seina's privacy would be completely gone.

Actually, he was already under 24 hour surveillance. He was constantly monitored and had secret escorts attached to him. At any moment dozens of escorts could rush in in a matter of seconds if there was an emergency situation, but it wasn't visibly noticeable. The only way for him to ever have privacy again would be to go to a place isolated from this world or to turn the world into his enemy. If he wanted to stay in space, he would have to accept being monitored.

“... ... I'll think about it carefully.”

“Yes, please do.” At that moment, the two became silent while looking in each other's eyes. It seemed as though time stopped for the two of them.

“Uwaaaaa!” Mikage broke the silence. Mikage turned to face Seina and motioned as if she wanted to be picked up.

“She's up again already?”

“Oh.”

“Since Mikage is awake do you want to come with me for a stroll around the outside of the house? This is the Kamiki's area, it gets sunny early, the sunrise a wonderful sight.”

“I would.”

Tenju was a tremendous tree. Although the area of the royal family was at the top section of Tenju, the altitude difference with the peak of the tree was about 2 kilometers.

“In the areas of the four royal families, each day's scenery is different. The Kamiki family area faces the sunset.”

“Let's go see it.”

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NB was isolated from Seina and left in the Kamidake in a residential area. It had transformed into Kirche who was in the area set in spring of the four seasonal areas, commonly known as “during the spring”.

“It feels good.” Kirche muttered while looking at the scenery in front of her. The place where she resided was a small valley in the mountains. Similar to the place where Tenchi's house was, but it was a place like a garden that was smaller than that. It was a peaceful place like a meadow in a fairy tale. Kirche was doing the construction work to build a house on the slope facing the south side. She had conducted a ground survey, picked a firm place, cut trees, built stone walls and build a foundation. While sitting on the stone wall she took in the scenery.

“You seem to have had some fun, haven't you?” Washu came to Kirche's house that day after the vacation at Imuim ended.

“Thanks to you ... I am very happy.” She handed Washu some chilled barley tea and smiled with a flushed face.

Seina had already gone to sleep, and the outside scenery was restored.

“So, what do you need today?” Sitting opposite Washu on a sofa, Kirche took a big deep breath. Because Washu came all the way to her, there was a possibility that something special had happened.

“Oh, don't be nervous. I came because Airi is on vacation, so I'm here on her behalf.” Washu said.

“Oh, is that so?” Kirche relaxed and breathed a small sigh of relief. Even so, she was in front of a legendary philosopher. Her back was tense and her posture was still correct and proper.

“... But, thanks to you, I got to enjoy mine.”

“Uhuhuh, that's more Airi's doing than anything... ... Seina seems to have enjoyed it ...” She pointed to the room where Seina slept.

“Are there any problems with Seina?”

“It's nothing bad. Calm down.”

“Sorry, I'm sorry, but ...” This life was not eternal. Someday it would end.

“Having him visit you was originally meant to fix Seina's deep consciousness as a form of psychotherapy, wasn't it?” Washu said, Kirche nodded.

“And it has brought good results to Seina. His spirit has stabilized as expected and has grown to such an extent that a lot of big traumas have been resolved, so we're seeing about having a little more of that integrated into his normal consciousness.”

“Really! That's a big step... ... ...” Kirche had a mixed expression of joy. That's because Seina would be gone from this virtual world.

“What I mean is, you won't have to be NB anymore. I'm thinking about giving you a living body.”

“Eh!?”

“Since the problem with your father has not been solved, you'll still have to use NB when going out in public, the body design is nearly complete, and the link to your astral shouldn't be any problem.”

“Well, really? ... Thank you.”

“Please give your thanks to Airi. I'm just verifying her work.”

“Yes, yes ... ...” Kirche said over and over again and again while wiping away the tears.

Washu waited for Kirche to settle down before she started talking again. “... ... If you have a body you'll also need a place to live and daily necessities.”

“That is true …! Ooh, how embarrassing, I never thought about it that far.”

“Well, it's no wonder you didn't since you have a virtual body, but that would mean you will need money... Do you have any left over from being on television? You had human rights, so they had to have paid you right?”

“The portion I had saved was used for reparations at the time of my disappearance.”

“In other words, you're broke now?”

“No, I've been paid by Airi for my time, so I have some savings. But that will be put towards building my body won't it...”

“Oh! What's the point in having Airi build you a body if you can't maintain it?”

“But, then ... ...”

“Don't worry about that, think of the money used to build your body as a consultation fee. When Airi builds it, the patents she gets on it will more than pay for whatever she had to spend to make it.”

Philosophy professionals were involved in many important projects. Naturally, their budgets were also enormous, and collecting money for the budget was organized enough to make even large projects move. Even if she gave Airi her pocket money, it would be like a billionaire buying canned coffee, not even a drop in the pond. Besides, AI’s with Astrals were rare, this was also an opportunity to gather important data. Either way, Airi wasn't losing any money on this project.

“If you want to live in a house, you should build a house in a private area of the Kamidake. You may use a house in the space for staff, but because other people are always coming and going, something could go wrong.”

“But what about the budget to build a house...”

“This place comes with an auto build system and all the materials needed, you should already know that?”

“Ah, yes, there is manual data in NB, let me look at it for a moment.”

“If you enter the data of for a house, the design of the house is easy to customize. You can use any furniture in the inventory list of Kamidake. I've added in quite a lot of variety so make use of it.”

“... ... Ehehehee.”

The items Washu had thrown in were diverse and there was more variety than even the biggest mall in the Galaxy Academy. There were super-luxury goods and prototypes that had turned into antiques that were no longer available.

“If there are things you want elsewhere, you can use your savings to get them so relax, don't worry about paying Airi ok?”

“Well if that’s the case, if the others don't mind then I don't mind ...”

“Seina would want you to use it. It's no trouble and if you need money, just sell some of these things to someone and I'll give you the patent proceeds off of it.”

“But some things here seem quite expensive ... ...”

“They’re just prototypes and free samples and things I own the patents for. It’s all storage junk to me. I went without it for five thousand years. I have no use for it, and it's only normal that I have to free up storage space as the years go on, but ...”

“But who do I sell it to, who will receive the money and manage it? Washu-sama you don't have any known heirs.”

“The MMD has a management foundation set up for it, so we will send the money to you, but you will never find out if you don't sell it”

“... ... Is it ok to do so though?”

“I have been seen in many places recently, the amount that has been sent to me lately has increased, and if they don't want it then they will just return it.”

“Why haven't you announced your survival? Don't you need the money?”

“I will do so someday, but there are still various problems ...”

“Well, how about sending it to a second-hand market through someone?”

“If it's a product that is popular in general, you can secretly feed it to the second-hand industry, but then it can end up getting recycled, but if it's a military item, custom-made, general goods or a prototype, you can't just go shoving in into the general market. There are things that need to be considered, don't forget scarce resources are monitored for distribution, it's troublesome to get rid of certain things.”

It would be troublesome if it seemed suspicious and ended up getting investigated. The survival announcement of Washu would be like setting off a bomb in the Galactic Federation. It had to be done carefully and over time.

“So, how do you plan to reveal yourself?”

“Well, my biggest concern is how do I do it without starting a galactic war... Don't you think that's more important?”

“Oh! Yes, that truly is... ...” She just hoped Washu's survival announcement would be made as soon as possible.

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In such circumstances Kirche decided to build a house.

“Kirche, the situation of the ground is OK, it will be stable so you can start building.” It was Airi on the communication monitor. “Do you really want me to do this in such a place? Washu-said

you could build anywhere, didn't she? Why build it in such a wide open space? How big are you going to make it?”

“ ... Well, I like it here. It's a small place compared to some other places, there is enough room, and above all, it is like the landscape of Seina's home town.”

“Oh really? You should build a secret base in the basement for Seina...”

“Airi-sama, I'd like that, please do it for me.” Kirche quickly said.

“Eh hehe, I'm sure I can put it in there.” In other words, if she built it, she could enter it. Naturally, this was a private space for Seina. Seina and Fuku could approve entrants, only those who were permitted could enter. Even if Seina was ok with Airi entering Fuku would deny it.

“Gah, it won’t let me! What's the big idea?”

“It is natural for Fuku to keep you from building a dubious secret base in Seina's private space.” Kirche sighed in her mind. She began to get back to work. However, there was not much that Kirche had to do besides check that what was being built matched the digital model.

“When the house is completed, we can move onto setting up the furniture.” Kirche was eager to get her own body so she could spend time with Seina.

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“It's a small place, but it's a nice place.” Seina who went outside looked around at the house. Although it was small, the lot it was on was about the size of two soccer courts. There was enough left over space to put a mansion. However, it was very small compared to Tenju. The tree in the middle of the site that grew to look as if it was protecting the house was 50 meters high, but in Jurai it was just a small garden tree. The tree's branches spread like an umbrella into a huge mushroom shape.

“I bet Mikage will climb this tree when she grows up.”

“Ms. Yuzaki has already climbed it.”

“Oh... really?”

Ringo's story gave Seina a wry smile. Other than that, there were some garden trees, and fruit trees, but it seemed a bit quiet. However, the view from there was wonderful.

“It's beautiful… …”

It was still a bit early in the evening, but as Ringo said, the sun was trying to hide behind Tenju. It was as if there was a total solar eclipse, the inside of Tenju was dim and its outline was brightly shining. In the dimly lit places there were several streaks of sunlight and below it where the sun was unable to completely reach, the light looked a bit like stars.

“Yes, really beautiful.” Ringo gently snuggled up to Seina.

“Mia!” When the sun finally hid behind Tenju, Fuku came running from behind Seina.

“Oh! Fuku, welcome back!” Fuku jumped over to Seina and rushed up to his shoulder.

“Are the others with you?”

“Miah?” Fuku was confused.

At the same time, they noticed that a message probe was floating up to them. “– – We are sorry, but Yuzaki didn't want you to be disturbed, so they only sent Fuku over to you.” A short message was played, and the probe disappeared.

“… … What? Should I do something?” Seina muttered as if he was at a loss.

“Well, I'm here to help you so you should be okay.”

“Mia!?” Fuku was picked up by Mikage who began swinging Fuku like a rattle happily.

* * * **Translators’ note: Like Taro did to Ryo-Ohki. * * ***

“Oh no! Stop!” Seina immediately stopped Mikage's arms from swinging.

“Mikage, please let Fuku-chan go.”

“Fuku, are you ok? Please don't hurt her, she didn't mean it.”

Ringo and Seina were desperate to separate Mikage and Fuku.

“Mya ... ... Mya Mia Mia Mia!” But Fuku, who had been angry at Mikage suddenly burst out laughing, instead of getting angry.

“Eh?” Seina and Ringo were taken aback by her unexpected reaction.

“Miah, Mia!” Fuku gave herself over to Mikage.

“Oh, dear!” Mikage started swinging Fuku again.

“Miao! Myaaaaaaaaaa!”

“Uhm... I guess everything’s alright then.”

It seemed that they both enjoyed it. Ringo and Seina stared at the scene in a silly manner.

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The wind got cold, so they went back into the house. Mikage laid down on the bed with Fuku and Fuku laughed as they played together.

“I understand why Mikage is happy, but ... ...”

He didn't know why Fuku, who was being treated roughly, seemed to be so happy. Ringo stared at Seina with a puzzled face.

“I don't know why but... ...” Seina explained the game Fuku played with sand on the beach and how she jumped into weeds.

“... ... To be honest, I don't understand why things like that entertain Fuku, but if she's happy I have no complaints.”

“Is that so ... ... better to not think too deeply about it, as long as they’re happy I guess it's ok.” Ringo said and then she stood up.

“I will prepare dinner, Mikage-sama will need milk soon. Can I leave that up to you?”

“Yeah, I can manage it.”

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Several hours had passed since the ceremony began, they had almost made it to their 50th tree. Now in front of Kiriko was a young tree much smaller than the one before. Its height was a little over a meter, just under Kiriko's chest.

“How pretty, is this Kyoko's older sister?” Funaho glanced at the tree.

“It must have come here recently.”

A second-generation parent tree is, of course, a first-generation tree. The germinated bud grows up near the parent tree until it gets bigger. Then it's transferred to this place. Noike's Kyoko however was budded and grown in the same first generation unit, it was a somewhat special case.

* * * **Translators’ note: Because Kyoko is either a 3rd or 4th generation tree. * * ***

“Hello,” Kiriko greeted the tree like the others. “Oh?” She felt something that sounded like a voice.

“Well then...Let's go to the next on.” Funaho bowed and headed for the next tree, she went to follow when.

“Eh!?” Suddenly a cry similar to the scream of a child sounded in the Kiriko's mind. It was the young tree that was crying earlier. The little tree hit Kiriko with a delicate nerve light.

—— don’t go, please don't go .....

“Oh my, what is this all about?” Syūzan looked puzzled but Funaho and Seto seemed to notice the reason. They looked at Kiriko and the young tree.

“It must have been shy ...” Seto laughed.

”Oh, I see, so it panicked when she went to leave.” Syūzan smiled. Royal Trees were like children, yet this young tree was still like an infant or a baby.

“I am sorry, I didn't notice ... its ok now, we'll be together forever don't worry.” Kiriko gently stroked the young tree while remembering how she did the same thing to a young Seina in the past. And the next moment the 2nd generation trees began shining nerve lights all at once like when they had seen Fuku.

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The girls were taking a quick break in a simple accommodation room that also served as a resting place. Besides the light coming down from the hole into the basement, there were many bright bio-luminescent plants that lit the area. Extra lighting plants were planted in areas where training was carried out, so there was no problem traveling in the basement of Tenju even in the middle of the night. The resting place was near a hillside about 100 meters up on a root. It was in a crowded area with many facilities installed in other roots that were linked by multiple suspension bridges.

“Kanemitsu, it's still early, why aren't we still traveling?”

“Considering where we are, it's better to rest and depart a little earlier in the day to get to our destination, depending on the time of day the wind blows either weakly or very strong, so we should go when it is as calm as possible to ensure our safety. I’ve heard some information that worries me.”

“Information that worries you?”

“Yes, ants were spotted in a nearby resting area.”

“Do you mean nursing care ants!?”

“What a strange name for an ant, is it dangerous?” Unlike Hakuren's group, Amane's people knew nothing of Jurai's local creatures.

“They are large ants, about a half a meter long.”

“Are you joking ... ... you got to be kidding, right!?”

“It's okay, they're not carnivorous. They keep and raise animals to get manure to grow the mushrooms that they eat.”

“No way, so does that include human beings?”

“Yes, but not usually. Recently a group of small goats often used for breeding moved somewhere else, so now it seems they are going after people.”

“Are there any other dangerous carnivorous animals we should be worried about?”

“Well, there are several kinds, but they rarely attack people.”

In a sense, Jurai's strongest creature was its human beings. Nearly everyone was a fighter in Jurai, they could beat lions and tigers with their bare hands. If a young child was wandering all by himself, and no one was around, maybe, but for the most part they were left alone.

“In the meantime, there's an open-air bath here. Relax, because tomorrow is going to be a pain in the ass.” With that Kanemitsu went out outside

“... Well then, should we have dinner?”

“No, let's go take a bath before that, you all smell!” Nene said with great emphasis.

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The bath accommodation was in a neighboring tree. They crossed over to it using a suspension bridge. The bath was spacious, there was room for a considerable number of adults. Different kinds of trees collected water from the underground and air, and heated the water, purifying it and circulating it. It was a common system in Jurai. The carpet moss covered the whole bathroom. The hot water was nice and the moss in the water was soft and fluffy like velvet. The scent of the room calmed ones nerves.

“Why are we trying to climb so quickly?”

“Well, honestly, if you think about it... well, it's just Seina, Ringo-sama, a baby and Fuku. I don't think anything too bad is happening up there, do you?”

“Nothing will happen.” Gyokuren asserted as if it were a matter of fact. “Seina and Ringo are both reasonable people. Maybe if it were just the two of them, I would be worried, but with Mikage-sama and Fuku there, nothing's going to happen.”

“Well ... ... I agree, but I don't think anything would happen even if they weren't there...” Ryoko agreed. If there was doubt before, it could now be said that they all had the conviction about it that Gyokuren did when she asserted that nothing would happen. And so, tension in the room completely melted away.

“Huh! But don't you think it's a little too convenient!” Nene chimed in. A small round of booing came from the other women.

“Everyone is always with Seina, so a little advantage now won’t be any good for her!”

“It's a good thing Kiriko isn't here. If she knew, she would have rushed all the way there by now dragging us along with her. But the scenery is nice here, so I'm going to relax.”

“No! I need to rush so I can complain about Todo! Don't you want to complain to Yuzaki-san?”

“That's the case ... But I want to soak in the amazing scenery a bit. I'm sure it won't matter to you either when you do... Anyways, let's eat and rest up to prepare for tomorrow!”

“... ... Before you do that, everyone should clean off the sweat from today!” Nene held her nose and grinned.

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—— Kiriko, Kiriko.

The young tree seemed happy, it called the name of Kiriko who had become its partner.

“You need to give it a name, have you thought of one yet?” Seto said.

“Yes… …” Kiriko said she looked at the young tree quickly. “Your name is Mizuki.”

—— Mizuki?

“Yes, Mizuki.”

—— Mizuki! Mizuki!

“It seems to like it, let's hurry and get ready for the transplant.” Seto said placing her hand on Kiriko's shoulder.

“Alright, Mizuki-chan, I'll see you later.”

—— Kiriko where are you going?

“I'll see you soon, wait quietly.”

—— Ok. Mizuki will wait for you.

“Such a good child.” Kiriko quickly left. There was no need to hurry, but she didn't want Mizuki to get anxious.

“Seto, I know you were planning on delaying the formal announcement of Kiriko joining the royal family earlier, but what about now? You thought she would only get a 3rd generation, but she got a 2nd generation. Isn't that worth celebrating right away?” Syūzan said to Seto.

“Perhaps... I would think Azusa would agree but ...”

“Let's consult him then and arrange for it.”

“Yes, lets.”

“Thank you for everything today.” Kiriko came close to Syūzan and bowed. “Today was one of the best days in my life.”

Usually, once the ceremony of choosing trees was done, and then it was reported to the royal family who were waiting outside the door that there was no problem in the process by the trees, and when the day ended, they would celebrate by gathering all the important people and presenting the new tree and owner to the citizens. Usually though the tree wouldn't be shown off until after transplanting it to the unit and assembling the exterior of the ship. Officially showing off the tree ship was done with second generation or higher trees at least one week after the ceremony. However, in this case, they needed to prepare the tree for the transplant right away, so it was urgent.

“Thank you, but please excuse me, I must be going.”

Kiriko, Funaho, and Seto deeply bowed to Syūzan, as he headed straight out to ask Azusa.

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Kiriko and Funaho were at the gate in the studio above the Imperial Tree room. This was the gate where the Trees were taken out of the chamber. The reason for that was that it took time to set up the second generation or higher tree's core units, because they never knew what kind of tree would come out. The unit was customized according to the size and shape of the tree. It took time to make the interior as well as it was a special custom made item. In the case of the third generation, candidates were usually determined in advance, so preparations were possible.

Mizuki's unit was made using only basic parts because it was urgent. The biggest problem with that was the size of the terminal which accepted the neural light used to control the external unit. In Mizuki’s case, since the power of its nerve light was weak, there was a possibility that it couldn't control the ship well if they used a normal sized terminal. So, they installed a terminal of the smallest size, with a variable metal arm.

“Ordering interior parts is impossible until an adjustment of the terminal has been completed. I'm sorry, but Mizuki-chan must be patient for a little while longer.”

“I'm sure it won't mind.”

“Let's get started.” Funaho and Kiriko placed themselves away from the central ring plate.

“Please, let's begin.”

At Funaho's signal, a ring shaped plate divided into several layers and started rotating. It was like a puzzle and a circuit diagram emerged like magic. The central space began to distort, as if to respond to it. Then the schematics of a tremendous number of force field circuits were activated

at the top of the plate, the light flashed in rainbow colors and a black dot on the ground spread like a circle.

“Wow.”

This was a different kind of space where the roots of the royal trees stretched to absorb energy. The force field circuit diagram deployed in front of them kept it fixed and it suppressed the outflow of energy to the outside. If suppressed, the energy out only glowed faintly but if it leaked out, the energy was enough to destroy a one hundred light year radius around Jurai.

“Mizuki-chan, can you hear me?”

—— Kiriko, Kiriko. Is that you?

“Yes, good to see you again.”

The upper part of the center space fluctuated, and the fragrance of the royal trees came out of it. The spirally distorted Mizuki slowly descended on some ring-shaped parts. Mizuki's roots were covered with something like black mist in some places, where it was assimilating and drawing in the black space.

—— Aaaaa!!

“Are you all right!?” Kiriko asked, worried.

—— Owch aaaaaah!

“Huh?”

“It’s okay, it's just experiencing the ripples caused while stabilizing the space.”

“Please don't worry me with surprises like that.”

The rings stabilized around Mizuki. The black space disappeared in the direction from which it appeared. Space undistorted and the force fields dropped one after the other.

“Are you ok?” Kiriko and Funaho walked towards Mizuki.

—— Yes, I am alright.

“Good, then let's adjust the receiving terminal, do you know how to do that?”

——.....Uhmmmmmm.

Mizuki released a nerve light towards the terminal. The metal arm started to move quickly, and the position of the terminal was fixed in only tens of seconds.

—— Yay, we did it, Kiriko!

“Thank you. You did great.”

“Let's scan this position and then get to making the decorative unit, and then we have to make the key ... are you ready?”

A monitor was launched next to Funaho. Kiriko was familiar with the old carpenter who worked exclusively for the Masaki family.

“I've never worked with a young tree as small as Mizuki-sama, I don't know what to do in this case.” The workman twisted his neck while looking at the scan of Mizuki's data. A Tree and its master make a decoration called a key with a branch cut from the tree so that a spiritual link can be made even if the distance between them was great. Usually, jewels made from amber from the solidified sap were added. With ordinary size trees, there are many branches to choose from, but it's difficult with young trees like Mizuki. Its trunk was thinner than normal and so were the branches that would normally be cut.

Noike's ‘Kyoko’ was even younger than Mizuki, but Kyoko had no official key yet. Its mobile terminal substituted for the key. However, with Mizuki there was no place to put a terminal body.

“Oh! Wait a moment.” The old craftsmen noticed something and began looking at past materials. It seemed that a solution has been found, he immediately raised his face with a bright expression.

“With young second generation trees, we can use the part where it used to link to the parent tree. We just need to find where it was attached when it was a sapling. I might be able to use it.”

“But won’t that make it impossible to link with the parent tree? Is it okay to do that?”

“The defense of the parent tree is no longer necessary once it's transferred to the unit so it's not a problem. Usually, it gets incorporated back into the trunk as it grows, but Mizuki is still so young that it should be there still.”

—— Kiriko. Here, it’s here.

Mizuki sent a nerve light from a leaf, like a signal.

“... .... Oh, this…?”

In the vicinity there was a half branch with no leaves coming from the trunk, it was encrusted in shining amber droplets.

“That seems to be it.”

“Mizuki-chan, would you please give me this?”

—— Oh! Yes. Please take it.

“Alright ... Thank you, please be patient a bit longer.” Kiriko cut the trunk around the short branch.

—— ah!

“I am sorry, did that hurt?” Kiriko asked while stroking the cut surface, Funaho quickly moved Kiriko's hand away.

“Try not to touch it too much.”

“Huh!?” In front of Kiriko’s eyes, a thin purple sap flowed out from the cut surface.

“The sap that comes out from the cut surface is designed to stop the invasion of bacteria so it's better that you don't touch it.”

—— Kiriko. Don't worry, I'm alright.

“Really? That’s good.”

“I have all the things we need now, so I will get the branch processed. Kiriko-chan stay and talk with Mizuki-chan.” Funaho took the branch and headed for the transfer gate.

Kiriko relaxed and sat next to Mizuki. “Hey Mizuki, aren't you lonely now that you are away from your mom and sister?”

—— A bit, thank you for asking Kiriko.

“No, thank you. Just wait till tomorrow, I'll introduce you to my friend.”

—— Your friend?

“Yeah ...they’re a bit different from you Mizuki-chan, they’re Seina Yamada's ships terminal.”

—— Uhm uhh... I'll get to visit when we come back home right?

“Oh, yes, that's right,” Kiriko remembered when the Kamidake arrived at Jurai, and the trees greeted Fuku. “I'll make sure we come back soon.”

—— This Seina Yamada person, do you like them?

“Waaaaaa!”

—— Aaah!?

Mizuki was surprised and screamed at Kiriko's surprised voice.

—— Kiriko ... ... Are you alright? Did I do something wrong?

“Oh no, hahaha! I was just a little surprised, I'm not angry with you Mizuki-chan.”

Mizuki needed a bit of time to be able to accurately grasp the subtitles of its Master's behavior.

—— Really?

“Yes, really. Would you like some water?” Kiriko quickly stood up and scooped the watering pail from the gardening items she had brought.

The soil on which the tree was planted was supplemented with an adequate amount of water from the canal around it, so there was no need for watering, but because Mizuki was still a small tree, it was fun to be able to water it. She remembered asking Noike, who was also the Master of a young tree about it.

She poured the water on top of Mizuki, the water poured and out and the mist created a small rainbow, Mizuki also put out nerve lights that looked like crackling fireworks.

—— Yay.

Kiriko was relieved to see Mizuki happy.

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“Thank you for the meal.”

“Mia!” Seina and Fuku finished dinner.

“It was really delicious, do all royal people like Noike and Sasami cook so good?”

Ayeka was the exception, but instead her garment sewing was comparable to a skilled craftsmen.

“Not everyone is good at it, but it's Seto's policy that we be taught well.” Ringo seemed to be happy while cleaning the dishes.

“Oh, please let me help.”

“There's not much to do, if you want to help, please wait for me to be done, then you can help me give Mikage a bath.”

“Alright.”

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After she finished washing the dishes and washing and removing her apron, Ringo entered the living room and held Mikage.

“Seina, can you help me?”

“Yes.”

Seina got up and went to the bathroom. The bathtub was filled with hot water that was steaming up. There were no partitions in the room, but the flow of air was controlled so there was no humidity.

“It's fairly wide.”

The bathroom was quite large compared to the size of the house; a veranda was placed just outside past the bathtub. The outside was not very well maintained, still the view of the scenery outside was breathtaking.

“Wow that smells good.”

The interior was all wooden and smelled wonderful.

“Uhm, how are we going to manage this?” Looking around, he suddenly realized he couldn't make sense of how they were going to bathe Mikage. The bathtub was quite deep so someone would have to hold her, and another would have to assist.

“What's wrong Seina?”

“Oh, Ringo. Actually, I'm confused, how do we put a baby in this bath?”

“Oh, that's odd. There's supposed to be a small wash tub here, but ...” Ringo also searched around with Mikage, but she couldn't find such a thing.

“There isn't anything like that here ...”

“What about in the kitchen?”

“Aaah!?” Seina and Ringo imagined washing Mikage at the same time as running the sink disposal.

“... ... No way!” They shook that idea from their heads.

“Uhm... maybe you should do this without me?”

“Yes, please, Fuku come with us.”

“Mia!” Seina alone went back to the living room. But as soon as he left, he heard Mikage crying. A drenched Fuku came to call Seina.

“Oh, what's wrong?” He followed after her and asked at the entrance of the room.

“Mikage-sama won't stop crying. Please help me out here a little, it's okay to come in.” Ringo said.

Seina breathed heavily and entered inside. Ringo wore a bath towel around her body and was immersed in the bathtub.

“Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaaa ..... waaaaaaaaa ~” Mikage was crying but stopped as soon as she saw Seina's face, she reached for him. “Owaaaaa!”

“I think she was missing you.”

“Is it ok if I get in?”

“Yes ... but please get dressed like I am.”

“I understand.”

With no room for confusion, Seina headed for a clothing room, took off his clothes, wrapped the bath towel around his waist and got in and was handed Mikage.

“Uwaaa!” She started crying again.

“Well ... uhm, maybe she wants me to get in as well.”

“Uwaaaaaa.”

“... It can't be helped then, can it?” Ringo scooted up next to Seina, Mikage looked at Ringo and Seina and started laughing.

“That's weird, it seems she cries unless there are two people with her in the bath.”

“Maybe she's worried. Or maybe ...” Ringo felt shy. She realized it was possible that Kanemitsu and Yuzaki always bathed Mikage together.

(Oh wow, the two of us here like this are just like them.) Ringo blushed in embarrassment. Fortunately, Seina didn't notice and chocked it up to the hot water.

Except for the bath towels, they were naked, but her swimsuits in Imuim exposed more than that. Without that experience, she would have fainted from too much embarrassment.

“Ringo, shall I wash Mikage-chan?”

“Sure, I think the water is the right temperature.”

Seina got out of the bathtub with Mikage, Ringo picked up the contents from a container of nearby baby gel and started washing Mikage. As expected, Mikage was struggling, but she seemed to be in a good mood. Ringo soaped her up then rinsed her with hot water and then they got back in the tub.

“Aaah ... ...” Mikage seemed to feel comfortable.

In the dressing room with only Ringo, Mikage didn't cry. After they changed her clothes, she fell asleep.

“Seina I'm going to go put her to bed please make yourself comfortable.”

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“Here you go,” Ringo brought cold tea to Seina.

“Thank you.”

She had on a thin yukata and her hair was wet, combined with the smell of the boiling water she was twice as pretty as usual. Ringo was an attractive woman, even though it was not as intense as with Amane and Gyokuren. She was still quite a woman.

(Calm down ..... calm down.) Seina looked over at Mikage and Fuku who were sleeping to ease the tension. Like on Imuim, Jurai's starry sky was beautiful and without air pollution. There were only a few lights lit up on Tenju. It was like a huge Christmas tree. (Calm down ... ... calm down.)

In countries like Jurai, few people had experienced battle more than Seina. Especially those born in the last 100 years, which had been a comparatively peaceful age. And above all, Seina was the man who had defeated Yuzaki in a ceremonial battle.

Although ordinary men and women were likely to be connected with this momentum, Seina had yet to make a decision about his romantic life and Ringo was a princess of the Royal Family. This felt a bit like trying out a relationship with a royal family member before committing to anything.

– – – It wasn't half bad.

“Tenju is beautiful at night isn't it ... ... do you see the imperial palace on the top?”

“The place slightly below it is the place where the Kamiki family lives, although the other royal houses can't be seen from here, they are at about the same height. Kiriko should be arriving back in the Masaki area right about now.''

“Oh, so the ceremony for choosing trees has finished successfully then?”

“Yes, Kiriko-sama's tree was named Mizuki, the link will be done with Fuku-chan tomorrow. I regret to say that it seems her ceremony will be going unannounced at this time...” Ringo looked at Tenju.

“This time?”

“Her tree is a second generation. Normally, Tenju would have been illuminated, full of parades and festivities that would have gone on through the weekend.”

“Is getting a second generation tree such a big occasion?” Seina looked curiously at the sight of Ringo, who was enthralled with the idea.

“Of course! The average ship is a third generation. If someone gets a second generation or higher, they get top priority to become the Juraian Emperor. If it's a first generation, it’s unconditional. He's the next Juraian Emperor.”

“So, Kiriko has a right to inherit the throne of Jurai?”

“There are currently six people, including Kiriko, who have the second-generation trees, and Yosho who is on Earth has a first-generation tree. Prior to that, Azusa, the current Jurai Emperor, got his when he was still very young ... ... so the possibility isn't zero.”

“… … Is that so?” Seina felt as though Kiriko had suddenly gone far away from him. The light was shining above Tenju in the Imperial Palace. The distance between where Seina was now, and where the Court of the Masaki family was, seemed like the difference between himself and Kiriko.

“You can see her tomorrow.” Ringo grabbed Seina's hand.

“Well, I guess that's right.” The warmth of Ringo's hand swept away Seina's depressed mood in a matter of seconds. He could not deny feeling a slightly unscrupulous feeling, but you could chock that up to his youth.

“Oh, that reminds me, what happened to Amane?”

“Their communication with the outside is blocked so no information has come in. Honoka is unable to tell me anything... ...”

“Is something stopping your ship?”

“As long as a command doesn't endanger the life of its Master, a Royal Tree it must follow the will of higher generations. Perhaps Seto has ordained an information blackout from Mikagami. Seto-sama, how dare you make Honoka do strange things!” Ringo clenched her fist in anger.

“… … That's too bad.”

“Ah ... yes... but from the information I've gotten, I think they’re probably in Tenju's basement.” Ringo replied smiling, hiding behind her fist a bit shyly.

“Considering that Kanemitsu and Nene are also with them, I don’t think they’ll be back here before tomorrow, so we can enjoy this situation. Judging from Yuzaki-sama's expenses, I think she likely dumped them in the tourism athletic course in the basement.”

Ringo seemed to have inferred that from the flow of money. Moreover, her prediction was correct, it was difficult to keep that secret using Seto's budget.

“Will they be ok there?”

“Although it's a full-fledged uphill course, with Bio-Enhancement it's not a difficult course. So it's like hiking. The only one with anything to worry about is Neiju-sama. But since Kanemitsu is on escort duty, I know there will be no problem. It will just take a while to climb, actually it will take quite some time.”

“So, everything's ok ...?”

“If you have the opportunity, check it out, it's the place where the name Jurai came from. The view is amazing.”

“Really? I would love to see that ... ... wait what's going on.” When Seina said that the majority of the lights that were on Tenju disappeared.

“We have to restrict the amount of light to protect the plant growth cycle.”

“Oh, I see ...”

Seina thought about it, this cottage only had one bedroom. Moreover, it had only one bed. “I'll sleep in the living room, Ringo please sleep with Mikage and Fuku in the bedroom. I can sleep anywhere as long as I have blankets and a pillow.”

“... OK. Sounds like a plan.” She handed a futon to Seina and began to get ready for bed.

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Returning to the living room, Seina began spreading out the futon. “... ... As much as I hate to have to use this it's amazing.”

The mattress was pure white with no spots, it was soft and fluffy. The outer material had stunning Juraian patterning on it, even Seina could tell this was an expensive item. It made him nervous to sleep on it. “Now that we've locked the door ... we're trapped in here, just me, Mikage and Ringo.” Seina got up quickly and went out to look around the outside in the unlikely event that that wasn't the case.

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“... What is Seina doing?” Ringo looked at the sleeping face of Mikage and Fuku and noticed Seina looking around outside. Ringo first thought that Seina was going for a walk. Ringo knew that this was a secure place, the meaning of Seina's actions were not immediately clear to her.

“Is he ...?” But from him looking around she soon realized that Seina was looking around to make sure everyone inside was safe.

“.....” Ringo felt the inside of her chest getting hot. She was driven by the impulse of wanting to embrace Seina ... ... but she desperately diverted her eyes from him and looked at the face of sleeping Mikage and took a big deep breath.

“Hey now, woah .....” Ringo somehow pushed the impulse down and bowed to Seina with gratitude and thankfully jumped into the futon. Thinking that Seina was protecting them, made her feel relieved and at the same time her chest was so warm, and her heart was beating so fast she couldn't sleep. She was happy with things as they were now, and she seemed to almost be crying. In any case, she needed to calm her mind to sleep. It seemed necessary to divert her thoughts from Seina which occupied most of consciousness.

Ringo began rechecking the accounting status of this quarter. Now it was time to think about how to avoid waste instead. It was a sad occupational illness, but it was better than Seina occupying her consciousness. After looking over a few accounting items, she came up with a good solution. Ringo fell asleep with a satisfying smile.

“..... Uwaaa uwaaa uwaa” When she fell asleep Mikage woke up and started crying.

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Mikage wanted milk and started crying when Seina finished checking outside and had just settled into his futon.

“Aaaah!” Seina got up from the futon but hesitated to enter Mikage's bedroom.

“Mia! Miah! Mia!” Fuku came into the living room. Fuku jumped and grabbed onto the sleeves of Seina's sleepwear, and desperately pulled it. Seina lifted Fuku up and headed to the bedroom.

“Ms. Ringo what's going on?” He came into the bedroom where Ringo was holding Mikage.

“Sorry to have you woken up, Mikage wanted milk.”

“Oh, I'll go get some.” Seina headed to the kitchen immediately and came back with a baby bottle. Mikage stopped crying and began to drink the milk.

“I am sorry to have kept you from sleeping. Sorry to trouble you.”

“Oh no, Fuku came to wake me.”

“Fuku, you were worried about Mikage, weren't you?”

“Miah ... ...” Fuku was watching Mikage drinking milk.

“You must think of her as a younger sister, don't you? But Fuku you were born later, you're actually the younger sister Fuku.” Seina talked to Fuku while stroking Fuku's chin with his fingers, but Fuku kept watching Mikage.

Ringo gently tapped Mikage's back, after she had finished drinking milk, she burped. Seina took the baby bottle and tried to head to the kitchen.

“Waaaaaaaaaaa!” Mikage reached for Seina, Fuku desperately pulled on Seina's sleepwear hem.

“Fine I'll take you with me.”

Ringo handed Mikage to Seina. As he began to leave, Mikage began to shake and cry and, Fuku began to pull Ringo's hem.

“Maybe it's the same pattern as when she takes a bath?” Ringo approached Mikage as a test, she stopped crying and the two looked relieved.

“Does that mean ... ... Is she scared of the night time?”

“Maybe so, won't you stay here until Mikage sleeps?”

“Of course.” Seina and Ringo laid Mikage on the baby bed and sat in the bed looking up.

“Uwaaaaaah!” Mikage gladly laughed and looked up at Seina. Fuku also lay down next to Mikage and looked up at two of them in the same way. Then Mikage slowly closed her eyelids. Fuku soon fell asleep too.

Seina confirmed they were asleep and took the baby bottle and gently tried to leave the bedroom ...,

“Mia!” Fuku cried, and soon Mikage woke up and began to cry.

“Fuku ... ... Don't wake Mikage-chan.” Seina quickly returned to his original place to appease Fuku and Mikage. After a long time, she went back to sleep. And then Seina waited for a bit and left again tiptoeing this time.

“Mia!” Fuku cried like a high-sensitivity warning device, Mikage got up and burst into tears.

“Fuku ... ... damn it.” Seina and Ringo sighed. “I understand, fine, I'm not going anywhere anymore.”

“Miah!” However, she was wary of him leaving so Fuku was not going to go back to sleep very easily. After they laid in the center of the bed, Fuku stared at Seina and Ringo as if she had something to say.

“... ... Maybe you’re saying you want everyone to go to bed?”

“Mia!” It seems that Seina's answer was correct, Fuku smiled.

“Alright Seina, better do as Fuku says.” Ringo said smiling. If Ringo was ok with it, Seina was ok with it. There was no escaping the situation. They had resigned themselves to their fate.

Fortunately, because it was the adults around them that created such a situation, Ringo would have no trouble being accused of a chastity problem for this. Of course, there was also no doubt in their minds that this situation was ridiculous. But the immediate problem was ... ...,

(How can I sleep in this situation?)

Their hearts beat so fast they could hardly hear their thoughts.

Chapter Seven: Run away and run away!

Kanemitsu was climbing Tenju with the girls. There were lots of vines and branches to grab onto, but the wind was raging. “Alright, be sure to support your body with three points!”

“Is the weather usually this unstable?” Amane complained.

“It's actually quite calm right now, and it's not raining, and thanks to the harsh wind, we won’t have any brittle plants to accidentally grab onto.”

“Why are we doing this ...?” Ryoko looked like she was about to start crying.

“When we get back up, I'm going to find your wife, AND I WILL BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HER!”

“Ha ha ha! That’s the spirit!” Kanemitsu laughed.

Neiju was tied to Kanemitsu's backpack, suspended in the air floating without any foot hold or anything, it was physically easy but psychologically like torture. Neiju, who was enjoying the scenery at first, closed her eyes at around a hundred meters, finally after 500 meters she had fainted.

About five hours after they started climbing, Kanemitsu crossed the most difficult point and finally reached a place where it would be easy to get up. From this point onwards was a well-organized plant group and only a few places where climbing was necessary. Of course, it was a steep slope, but it was still much easier to go up then climbing.

“Ah this feels good!” Amane and the others were sitting around a small fountain in a big cave resting. The cool wind and cold water were comfortable.

“We need to get back to climbing as soon as were done eating ... Hey, where's the shrine maiden?” Kanemitsu looked around but didn't see Neiju. “I need to find her.”

“Wait a moment! She's out for a walk with Nene and Karen, she's fine.” Amane quickly stopped Kanemitsu.

“But ... ...” He made a strange look, but from the standpoint of an escort, it was bad to be away from his escortee for a long period of time.

—— Kyaaaaaa! Neiju's scream was heard from a place a short distance away.

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“What's that?!”

“Don't ask me!”

The girls rushed up the vines which wrapped around like a spiral staircase on the big tree, until they encountered what looked like a backwards ant with huge red eyes. Amane and the others were much faster, but because the ants were able to move without any concern, they weren't far behind.

“Why weren't we warned of these beforehand?”

“Maybe there not carnivores?” Hakuren said, they relaxed a bit but still tried to escape.

“But if you get caught, it will take at least three nights to get out of its nest while it cares for you.”

“I don't know it that’s good or bad ... ...”

“There are quite a few benefits. They call them nursing-care ants, they take care of the animals they find with extraordinary care and the gel-like honey secreted by them makes for a good meal. It's a nutritious and complete meal. If you’re incredibly hungry, it seems that the amount that you get is considerably increased. In the past, nursing care ants got ahold of scholars who studied the ecology of elephants here, they seemed to think that it wasn't half bad living with the ants.”

“Someone must have felt it was bad to take 3 days to escape such a thing ... ...”

“With our current medical technology, the response to the various problems of aging is handled well, but if Jurai had a civilization in the early stages, it may have been incorporated into the retirement care system.”

“Let's do our best and run away!”

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“Why are they so persistent!?” It had been more than two hours.

“Can't we just fight them off and drive them away?”

“They have been designated beneficial insects, hurting them is against the law.”

“You don't think this is a reasonable exception!?”

“Not for these creatures.”

“Then we just have to figure out why there chasing us right?”

“Well, to that extent I know… ...”

“Then why haven't you done anything about it!”

“It is a matter related to the dignity of the shrine maiden.”

“The dignity of Neiju? ... ... oh.”

The ants cultivate mushrooms they eat from animal manure they use as fertilizer. In other words, it responded to the smell of Neiju reaction to being suspended miles up in the air. They would have to remove her underwear...

“.....”

“I think I see a transfer gate to a residential area up ahead, if we keep at it, we should get there soon.”

“There wasn't supposed to be one for quite a while!”

“It seems we've made it to our destination in under an hour.”

“You're joking, right?”

“Ha ha ha! Thanks to being chased we arrived earlier than planned, I guess that's a good thing, isn't it?”

“Tomorrow I'll defiantly be in pain.”

After 30 minutes, they made it to the transfer gate.

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“Our victory is at hand! Don't you think so Captain?” Da Ruma shouted with excitement. In the large dock in front of him, the good luck ship which had been remodeled was anchored. Its appearance was now exactly like a treasure ship, it didn't look at all like a pirate battleship. But it was a battleship made by the Da Ruma Guild with the best possible technology.

“Of course, Mr. President! It's the strongest lucky ship with the strongest luck items!”

“It is a masterpiece.”

“Yeah! The new Unko will be unstoppable! Wahaha hahaha!”

Komachi had a complicated look on her face as she listened to Da Ruma and Seiryo. One of the reasons was, of course, the two of them, but another was a monitor that reflected the state of the bridge just past them.

“Da Ruma, Captain, I'm going to check the state of sailing preparations now.” Komachi bowed without listening to their response and quickly left the scene.

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“How are the departure preparations progressing?” Komachi called out to Barry as she entered the bridge. The operator's seat had been taken away from Alan and switched to Barry or Cohen when Alan was caught on the surveillance monitor a while ago doing lazy work with a dissatisfied expression.

“We will be ready for departure in about an hour.”

“Okay ... ... I'll leave it to you while I look around.” Komachi said as she turned her eyes towards Maya sitting in the spectator seat behind the bridge. “Let's go for a tour of the inside of the ship, please come along.”

“Yes.” Maya stood up gracefully and left the bridge with Komachi.

“Hey, Alan. Where are you going?” Barry asked Alan, who stood up to follow after the two suspiciously.

“To, uh, the toilet ... yep... the toilet! Do I have to report each and everything I do like that?”

“You just went there a little while ago?”

“That was something little, this is big! Ah! I think it's about to come out!” Alan held onto his butt and jumped out to escape from the bridge.

“I wish he would at least pretend to be going to the bridge's toilet.” The two who were now unraveled from Alan's spell were not interested any more in his shenanigans, they resumed their work.

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“So, what can I do for you Deputy Director Komachi?”

“Who the heck let a dancer like you onto this battleship, were they drunk? Why are you here?”

“Couldn't I say the same for you?”

“I'm going to tell mother and she will have you removed before we set sail.”

“I'm here of my own will, and she gave me permission, just like you big sister.”

“What!?” Komachi looked surprised for a moment.

“Wait... Mother knows you're here?”

“Of course, she does!”

“Figures, it's not easy to get out of the palm of her hand now is it...?” Komachi's arms sank, and she leaned against the wall as if the thought of it made her weak.

“Of course, it's impossible, even for the daughter who ran away because of the pressures of having been the first-born daughter of a great woman like Makihi, though I hear you exceeded mother's expectations.”

“Mother said that this would give me precious experience.”

“She sure is full of all kinds of tricks ... Hey... Who's there!?”

At that time, Komachi felt Alan hiding in the corner. He came out crying and panicked.

“Chh....!” Komachi diverted her eyes from Alan as soon he came out.

That attitude spurred Alan's confidence.

“Hehehehe ... ... I heard quite a funny story. Well, how much do you want for me to keep it a secret, hehehehe?”

“What do you want? ... Wait... Maya! ...!!?” Maya smiled at Komachi and approached Alan.

“You're in luck, if you keep quiet, first we can remove this unpleasant collar then we can exile you to Racepshi ... ... Hehehe.”

“I understand... but first of all, could you show me what kind of entertainment value you have?”

“What? Entertainment Value?” Alan who was proud of his victory was stunned at Maya's surprising answer.

“Yes, if you wish asylum on Racepshi, you must first prove that you are a sufficient entertainer.”

“Wait a moment! What about keeping your secret? Doesn't that mean anything?”

“My sister ... How much is that secret worth?” Maya asked Komachi behind her with a strange look.

“I'd lose my room at my mother's house, but it's already as good as empty, and I might get some weird eyeballing for being Makihi's daughter.”

“What? So you're trying to trick me!”

“You should go back to the bridge instead of continuing to talk. I'll overlook this because we haven't departed yet, but as for the fact that you abandoned your work, I won't overlook it.” Komachi glared at Alan.

“So, it's ok for me to know that the daughter of Makihi of Racepshi ran away and now leads Space Pirates?”

“There are various people in Racepshi, both rich and poor, both men and women, thieves, cheaters and killers. Me being a space pirate is hardly an issue.”

“And you're a Space Pirate for the Da Ruma Guild which is currently our customer.”

“Ack!!” The reason for Alan's threat had disappeared, and his advantage also disappeared.

“But does Racepshi accept asylum unconditionally?”

“Are you stupid or ... ...”

“Mr. Alan ... ... We do not want unnecessary conflict with the outside, but as I mentioned earlier, if you are an entertainer that is no longer an issue.”

“Then give me an act to learn, I'll desperately memorize it!”

“Should I put my faith in your uncertain future as an entertainer? ... Hmm, well, you are my sister's colleague, so I guess I can at least see if you develop a special talent.”

“Oh, thank you!” Alan put his head on the floor bowing repeatedly.

“Maito, did you get that?” Maya said, Maito was immediately displayed on a monitor.

“What do you think of him Maito?”

Maito, however, shook his head with a glance at Alan. However.....

“That woman!” Maito said looking at Komachi. “Maya sister, that woman, she would be very good.”

“Thank you, Maito ... ... I will make a note of it.”

While closing the monitor, Maya looked at Komachi who seemed embarrassed. Since Komachi left Racepshi long before Maito was born, Maito didn't know that Komachi was his older sister.

“Alan, sorry, Racepshi will not be needing you.”

“What!?” What does a child know of my talent...?”

“He is my brother, Makihi's son, he can see a person's talent. If he says that they’re good, that person will be scouted, no questions asked.”

“... ... Huh, please, I'll work at the slots! I will do anything, have mercy!”

“If you would like to work at Racepshi, please return to apply after your debts are settled, then they might accept you.”

“But that's not right now! Please have mercy!”

Komachi picked up Alan by the scruff of his neck as he tried to cling to Maya's leg. “Go back to the bridge and work seriously or I will fire you!”

“Ack! Ok ok ok ok, I'll go right away! I'm going now!” Komachi let go of him, Alan ran to the bridge.

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“Welcome home.....aaaaaaaaaaaaah!” Yuzaki ran away as nursing care ants stampeded at her from behind Kanemitsu who had reached the residential district.

“Ahahaa!” Amane glared at Yuzaki and laughed as she fought them off, she was unable to even stand up. Ryoko had fainted, Neiju mentally collapsed, Hakuren was in an upright and immovable posture, but her breath was rough, and her legs were trembling. And ... ...

“Well, as Ringo is waiting on Nene, I must go to her now, I must scold that Todo.” Nene still had plenty of physical strength, she immediately rushed to the transfer gate.

“Hakuren-chan please go help Kiriko” Yuzaki said after she had defeated the ants.

“O....K...”Hakuren saluted to Yuzaki, bowed to Kanemitsu and Amane, and headed for the transfer gate.

“She looks tired.” Yuzaki smiled at Amane.

“Don't say that like it’s someone else’s fault!”

“I didn't expect that nursing care ants would chase you. That route is a pretty popular athletic course, but there are restrictions on the number of people who can use it for environmental conservation reasons. It's a rare privilege to be allowed to make that climb. Oh well, there's a little time before the Kamidake's fusion test, you should rest until then.”

“Wait a moment! I'm not done with y ... ...”

Amane's desperately reached forward to go after Yuzaki when one of her officers poked a thick syringe in Amane's ass. The other girls were also injected in the same way.

“Would you like one too?” Yuzaki smiled at Kanemitsu who was hiding up a pole. Kanemitsu shook his head.

“No, I'm fine, my Nano machines will handle it. Is Mikage doing alright?”

“Of course, he looked after her carefully, Ringo also got involved.”

“Really?”

“Yes, and she told him the “diaper” story.”

“... Well ... you tried ... ...”

“She ruined the joke.”

“You know, not everything needs to be a joke ...” Kanemitsu pointed to the girls who were being put in a wooden boxes similar to coffins.

“I know that.”

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Seto rushed out to get Hakuren.

“Oh, you’re here! Hurry up!” Seto hurried her, the other three panicked and followed.

“Ms. Seto, what on earth is going on?”

“Kiriko's in a bad mood, this could be trouble.”

“Kiriko-sama? ... ...Why? Over Seina sama?”

“We were suddenly transferred to the basement by Ms. Yuzaki ... what happened with Ringo?”

“Tell us all the details!”

“Oh, did something happen?”

“Oh, she blew a gasket when she learned about Ringo spending the night with Seina.”

“But it's not like they were alone.”

“Fuku was also there.”

“I tried to explain that, but she wouldn't listen.”

“... ... What shall we do?”

“Yuzaki just poured oil on the fire by having Amane and the others delivered in coffins. I figure she won’t listen to me, but she might listen to Yuzaki's victims.”

“So, you want us to take care of this?”

“Yep.” Seto walked off.

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“Excuse me.”

“.....” Kiriko gazed at the mirror with a silent mind as the makeup artists applied makeup to her face. But they backed off of her as soon as she wrinkled her brows.

“... ... About what I told you this morning.”

“I don't want to hear it ...” She said to Seto.

“If you don't believe me then here are the victims themselves.” Seto said pushing Hakuren forward from behind her.

“... Kiriko-sama, we're back now.”

“.....” Kiriko stared silently through her in anger.

“Do you really believe Seina would do anything like that, Kiriko-sama?”

“.....” To Hakuren’s question Kiriko gazed up and down at the Seto scout's bodies. Although they were standing, she could see they were clearly run ragged and very tired.

“... ... What about Amane and the others, don't you believe them ...?”

Kiriko’s wrinkles slightly relaxed. “I would, but I haven't seen them. Where are they ...?”

Hakuren pointed towards the entrance and Kiriko glared at it. “Huh!?” Amane and the others in coffins were brought in. As expected, Kiriko was stupefied.

“..... Packing people into these cryo coffins is quickly becoming a classic gag isn't it? Anyways, it will be a while before they're up, but Nene was with us. Right now, she is complaining to Todo, Ringo-sama's butler. But when she’s done, she will say the same thing as we will, and so will Ms. Ringo and Seina. Why didn't you just ask them? Or ask Fuku, it’s not like they were alone.”

“.....” Kiriko breathed a big sigh as if she had been defeated. Knowing that Seina and Ringo weren't alone and seeing Amane and the others in the coffins worked like shock therapy to snap her out of it, the wrinkles between Kiriko's eyes were now completely gone.

“Oh, and Ms. Kiriko, I heard you've became the master of second generation tree, congratulations.”

Seeing that the atmosphere of the place had returned to normal, Hakuren gathered together a celebration.

“Thank you.” When Kiriko thanked her, the beauticians who had waited nearby gathered around Kiriko and started dressing her up again.

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Seina, who had finished breakfast, was looking out at little the scenery of Tenju while looking after Mikage in the living room. Mikage wanted milk early in the morning, so Seina had decided to make breakfast early. He hadn't been able to get much sleep anyways. Soon Ringo came into his view. When combined with the sight of Tenju at sunrise and the refreshing morning air, she had an extraordinary beauty to her.

“..... Uwaaa.”

“I'll take over watching Mikage, if you like you can get some rest in the acceleration space.” Ringo told Seina. However, Seina knew that Ringo was tired too. He shook his head.

“No, it’s okay, I try not to use acceleration spaces if avoidable.”

Actually, if you become too accustomed to using the acceleration space, there were various adverse effects. The most serious of them was dependency and withdrawal. Even if you didn't initially stay a long time in accelerated space, it was possible to slowly get addicted so that the length of stay in the acceleration space slowly got longer and longer, eventually affecting one’s life span. It was also the same for thought acceleration, it also caused aging in the spirit, which also affected the body. There were many cases of abnormalities in the body and sudden death in worst case scenarios. Seina often used accelerated space for work, time adjustment, and because he was still dominated by the sense of age of an Earthling person, he was trying not to use it often in everyday life.

“Okay, then in that case, I'll make us some tea.” Ringo stood up.

—— ding dong. The doorbell of the entrance rang.

“Huh!” Seina and Ringo got up at the same time, holding Mikage they headed for the entrance.

“Good morning!” Yuzaki was standing there with Funaho. Seina and Ringo stood there dumbfounded in front of the Empress of Jurai.

“Aaawaaaa!” Only one person, Mikage, was laughing gladly at seeing Funaho.

“Oh, hi there Mikage, you're looking well today.”

“F-Funaho-sama ... Why are you here with Yuzaki-sama?”

“Yuzaki and I were going to wake up Amane's people. Originally we planned to do that first, but they arrived earlier than expected, so instead we came here to take Mikage off your hands.”

“Take her off our hands? But you're the Empress.”

“Well... I didn't want to have to say it, but I also really wanted to see you, so it was more of an excuse than anything.” Funaho looked at Seina with a big smile.

“Oh, both of you... stay still just like that.” Funaho launched a monitor for taking pictures. “Say cheese!” She said casually, Seina and Ringo smiled reflexively.

“Thank you for the picture. The two of you look like such a cute couple.”

“Uwaaa...!” Seina and Ringo turned red at the same time. Funaho used the opportunity to take a pic of them blushing.

“Uwaaaaaha.”

“Miaamiah!” Mikage laughed delightfully, and Fuku also jumped on Seina's head. Funaho took another snapshot.

“Ringo, please let me hug Mikage-chan.”

“Oh! Uhm... yes.”

Upon receiving Mikage from Ringo, Funaho shook Mikage gently as she held her up like a mother-in-law who came to visit her grandchild.

“Aaawahaa...”

“Did you sleep well?”

“Yes, she did, Ms. Funaho.”

“Seina-sama, Ringo, I'm sorry for the various inconveniences you've been put through, so I will arrange to make it right the best I can. Please except my apologies and a thank you from Yuzaki and please forgive us for anything that may have happened.”

“It's okay, it was kind of fun ... ... Anyways, I'm just glad the responsibility is off my shoulders.”

“Miah?” Fuku said uneasily.

“Fuku, it's time for work, say good-bye to Mikage.” Seina embraced Fuku and gently stroked her.

“Miaaa... ...”

“You'll see her again.”

“... Miah!” Seina embraced Fuku and took her closer to Mikage.

“Miah.” Fuku looked at Mikage as she slept and gently booped her nose against Mikage's while being careful not to wake her up.

“Good-night, Mikage-chan.” Seina said to Mikage and then he slowly retreated.

“Funaho, I'll help clean up, so please go ahead without me.”

“Oh, what's wrong?”

“I think that dealing with Nene is probably going to be troublesome ... ...”

“Oh, I see. Then let’s go.” Funaho smiled at Seina.

“Seina-sama, here take this, Yuzaki has given you permission to have direct communication with Mikage anytime, this is the calling address.” One of the girls who had been nearby them called Seina over and operated a monitor. Immediately before Fuku’s eyes, the address monitor started up, the address was sucked into the crystal of Fuku’s forehead.

“Good, now you can talk to her anytime.”

“Mia!” Fuku’s expression was bright.

“Well then, let's go.” Waving to Ringo and the officers, Funaho, Seina, and Fuku headed for the transfer gate.

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While traveling, Funaho hugged and petted Fuku.

“Wow she must have made friends with Mikage.”

“She makes friends very easily.”

“Oh, is that so? You're a friendly little thing, aren't you?”

“Miah?” Fuku looked up at Funaho's with very charming eyes and a gentle voice.

“Yay ... I'm glad to hear that. Sorry but please excuse me for a moment.” Funaho stopped at the entrance of the Masaki family palace.

The servants and officers who were there bowed deeply to Seina and Funaho all at once.

“We have to act official right now.” Funaho handed Fuku to Seina.

“Thank you for waiting, I look forward to seeing Kiriko-chan's sunny and cheerful appearance.”

“Yes, thank you so much for coming to pick her up.”

“Well, we're family now, aren't we?”

“Yes.”

Funaho smiled a big smile and accompanied the women and the escort fighters and walked down the central aisle. A woman came close to Seina as soon as he looked at Funaho walking off.

“Seina, please come here.”

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“Seina ... ... I've been looking forwards to seeing you again,” Amane said to Seina as he came in the room.

“Mia!” Fuku jumped off his shoulder as soon as she saw Amane and climbed onto her.

“... ... Fuku!” Amane and Ryoko gently rubbed Fuku's head.

“Fuku seems to have had fun.” Neiju hugged Fuku and grinned, but she still felt a bit tired.

“Hey ... are you okay?”

“Do we look ok?”

“... No, by the way, where are Hakuren and the others?”

“It looks like they were taken to Kiriko's place, somehow they aren't entirely wiped out like us ... ... It's a true testament to what it means to be that crusty old shit hag's subordinates.”

“Oh, is that so? I'm glad you’re all ok.”

“Seina, you look good, I hear you had lots of fun with Ringo, why don't you tell us about it, ho ho ho.” Amane who failed to take out her anger on Yuzaki, for the time being, was willing to settle on Seina's melancholy.

“Things were serious, I had to take care of the baby by myself. If Ringo hadn't come, I don't want to even think about what could have happened...”

“... ... Wait, that's not what I heard from Kanemitsu and Nene ... Seriously?! That's unreasonable ... Is that woman crazy, what kind of mother would do that?”

“Anyway, I was relieved to be able to give back the baby safely. Amane-san, what happened with you?”

“... ... I'm going to get angry just thinking about it, I'll tell you about it when I feel like talking about it a long time from now.”

“Eh?” Behind her Seto ran up. Amane got a wrinkle between the eyebrows and gazed at her.

“Oh no, what's with the terrible face!?”

“WHO DO YOU THINK CAUSED IT?” Amane glanced at Seto.

“I'm sorry, were you bored spending time together?”

“Not even for a moment but that's not the point.”

* * * **Translators’ note: This line was given to Seina in the anime.** * * *

“Ahahahaha!” Seto burst into laughter. Amane's anger was in overdrive.

“Well, no point in dwelling on it not, it's not like you can do anything about it, byyyyyyyyyye.” Seto poofed as Amane began to swing at her and in her place were two big marshmallow like sack dolls with Seto’s stature. Pictures of Seto and Yuzaki were printed on each face.

“Ooooo, you haaaaaaaaaaaaaaag!” Amane started swearing furiously as she beat down the dolls. It was a strange sight.

“That's something Washu-chan made. It hypnotizes people and makes them see what their object of frustration is, and then replaces the dolls as they're destroyed... there should be like 2000 of them before it runs out.”

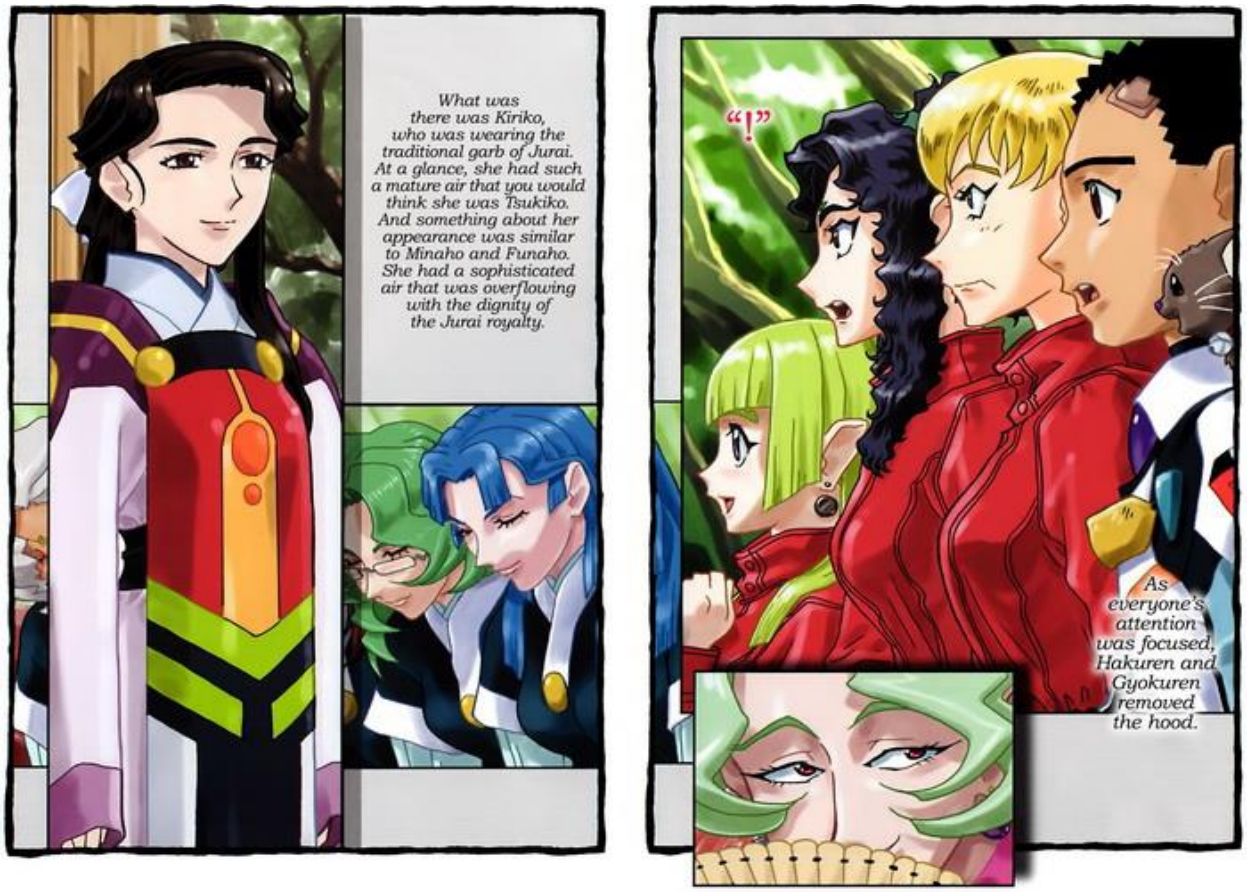
So, all of them but Amane could see what was really going on.

“Oh, is that what's going on ... ...”

“Seina, are you ok, you seem a little tired?”

“I couldn't leave the baby alone, I would be exhausted if Ringo hadn't come ...” Seina seemed to be sleepy.

Finally, Amane had blown through the 2000th doll, she was sweating and breathing heavily with her shoulders drooping as she panted.


What was there was Kiriko, who was wearing the traditional garb of Jurai. At a glance, she had such a mature air that you would think she was Tsukiko. And something about her appearance was similar to Minaho and Funaho. She had a sophisticated air that was overflowing with the dignity of the Jurai royalty.
“!”
As everyone's attention was focused, Hakuren and Gyokuren removed the hood.

“... ... It's about time.” Seto struck Seina's from the back with a light tap of her fan, he looked in her direction towards the front of the door. The soldiers raised their spears at her signal, the huge doors heavily opened to the side.

“... ...” Karen and Kanemitsu escorted Kiriko, who was wearing a hood, as she came in quietly. Hakuren and Gyokuren took off the hood and everyone’s eyes were drawn to Kiriko.

“Wow!” There was Kiriko, dressed in the formal clothes of Jurai. For a moment, her adult atmosphere made her look exactly like Tsukiko. Her appearance was like that of Minaho and Funaho, neat and dignified as a royal of Jurai.

“Pft...” Seto giggled at the appearance of Seina who has stuck with his mouth open as he gazed at Kiriko. Then Seto remembered the banquet she had planned for them.

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Kiriko's banquet was held in the presence of both the Juraian Empress’s and the Emperor, as well as the principals of each house, their wives, and various other witnesses. It was a major event that drew a great deal of people involved in the Grand Imperial Palace. They were there to welcome to the royal family those who got a second generation tree, although originally it should have been relayed throughout Jurai. At this stage, however, the people who gathered today had to keep it confidential, so it the banquet was held in secret behind the Masaki family estate's mansion.

The room used was the place known as “The Room of the Founder”. The founder of the Juraian royal family was from the Masaki family. Naturally, the furniture there was that which he inherited from his ancestors. It had lot of high historical value, and it could be said that it was the oldest room left over from the founding of Jurai. It was almost like an exhibit in a museum, or a picture in old historical imagery. There were no such old things anywhere else in the Imperial Palace. And although the menu itself was commonplace, the material on which it was served was the finest quality, the kind which was only used for guests who were the heads of other nations. By the way, the carrots used in the meal were those grown on Earth by Tenchi.

“It sounds like things are pretty complicated with Katsuki isn't it?” Seto, sitting on the witness's seat, gently talked to Syūzan next to her.

*** * * Translators’ note: -佳月- Katsuki. * * ***

“Katsuki has had a difficult time accepting the story of the Masaki family and of Kiriko's family. The irony of how Seina Yamada became affiliated with the GP frustrated him the most, I know the feeling.”

Syūzan was more in tune in his son’s mind than Seto. In the past Syūzan was in a position similar to his son, so more than anyone he painfully understood what was going on in his mind.

“Well, everyone settle down, we will now introduce her.” Funaho said. The entrance door opened, Kiriko came in.

“Oh!” A roar broke out in the room. Seto was satisfied with the reaction.

Jurai's best imperial craftsmen were all mobilized.

“I was surprised, even though I've met Kiriko's before, this is more than I expected.”

“Ho ho ho, we had the best staff we had carefully polish her from the top of her head to her toes.”

“But there's still no lack of dignity ... ... It seems that everyone's gaze has gone straight to her outfit.” It was a wonderful outfit too and undeniably dignified.

“It's impossible to sew something new in this short of a period of time, so I modified an old item of Funaho's a bit.”

“Oh, I see ... It certainly is familiar to me ... It's nostalgic ... Although it is an old-fashioned thing, it's a special offering from the Imperial Family, which has been perfected. Even so, it seems that the ladies are particularly curious about it, even though it is a top of the line product that cannot be obtained.”

It was as Syūzan said, the main stewards' witnesses were gazing at it with enchanted eyes. However, he soon noticed something. “Apparently, they seem to have noticed that the color of the cloth and color balance were perfect for her appearance. It was as if it were made exclusively for Kiriko, in spite of it being Funaho's outfit.”

The impression an outfit gave off changed with the color of the person's skin and hair color. Imperial level clothes were carefully custom made to take all the elements of those wearing them into account. In other words, the eyes that were concentrating on the outfit were really directed to Kiriko herself. And everyone's eyes soon moved to compare her with Funaho and Minaho.

“Chh.....!” Katsuki's piercing glance was quickly aimed at his father, Syūzan.

“Oh ... ... You seem to have noticed, my son.”

“Don't think I've been swayed. But well, it's certain to me that Kiriko doesn't intend to stir the pot.”

“That's good to hear.”

“I'm relieved that this won't also expose the bad reputation of the Amaki family ... ... and I guess the making of the key for Mizuki was pretty amazing to see. I was worried about how they planned to cut a key from that young tree, but it came out with some very splendid crystals ... I was surprised.”

It had unbelievably sized sap crystals for such a young tree.

The witnesses there knew that fact that Kiriko had gotten a second generation tree, definitively fixing her position as royalty. There was no room for arguing her legitimacy. Especially when Syūzan, who was an Amaki, was actively supporting Kiriko.

“She will make a lovely addition to the family, so we must cheer her all the way.” Syūzan said with a full smile.

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Because there was no sense of tension like there was at last night's dinner party, Kiriko's attitude was dignified. She had a feeling of confidence, dignity and a sense of duty now that she had joined the ranks of the empire. Of course, those around her, Amane, Ryoko, and even Neiju were without words.

Naturally, Seina stood stunned.

Seto stood beside Kiriko, satisfied with their reactions, “From today on she is Kiriko Masaki Jurai. What do you think of that?” Seto introduced her proudly.

“.....” At that time Seina was staring at Kiriko's glamorous appearance, remembering when Kiriko had left the village for “employment reasons”. (... Yes, it’s just like back then.) Kiriko in her outfit looked really grown up, and it reminded him of a long time ago. He remembered the loneliness that he felt when she went to where he could not reach her. He had felt the same feeling at that time.

“What... isn't anyone going to say anything?”

“Ohhh ... uhm ... that's a terribly fancy kimono ...uhm ... when did you have it made?”

“Amane ... ... why are you talking about her kimono?” Ryoko and Neiju asked.

“I'm just surprised it's tailor made for her, look at the hand-woven stitching. That takes time, it's not something that you can get in such a short amount of time.”

“That kimono is amazing.”

“Actually, it's Funaho's wedding dress, they had it altered.”

“I see, because you two look so similar, they were able to make it work in such a short time ...”

“Seto,” Minaho came along behind Seto with a quick pace, and gently whispered something to her.

“... ... That was quicker than expected.” Seto's calm face slightly tightened after she received Minaho's report.

“Huh!?”

“... ... Well, I hate to ruin the occasion but...” Seto turned towards Seina formally, and Seina and everyone corrected their attitude accordingly. “The fortune ships have begun their activities again. The damage seems to have increased more rapidly than before, or perhaps it should be said that it has grown even stronger.”

But there was no sign that Seina was frightened by Seto's words. He knew that was the reason for the tree selection ritual.

“In that case, it's time to drain the waste with the water,” Amane said.

“... ... Well, I guess you could say that.” Seto unintentionally giggled a bit and immediately smiled the usual unfriendly smile.

“Let's get the link working soon, we'll set for launch as soon as possible and we'll show them whose boss!”

“Roger that!”

Afterword – Concluding Theater, Part 8

When Nene managed to get back from Tenju's Basement, she burst into the living quarters of the Ringo's ship, Honoka, where Todo was supposed to be, to vent her anger at having suffered so much.

"Where are you, Todo? Come on out!" Nene looked around like a demon, but she couldn't find Todo, Ringo, or any of the other female officers. "You've escaped, Todo! But I'm not going to let you go. I'm going to catch you and complain about you."

Nene's pride and joy was her uncommon sense of smell. When focused, a Wau's nose was even more powerful than a dog's, capable of distinguishing the scent of even a single molecule in a short period of time. Just by the smell alone, she could trace who had been here and what they had been doing up to several months ago. In addition, she had her own economic information network, taking advantage of the characteristics of a female officer in Ringo's service. When trying to get away from Nene, if you incurred any expense, she would be able to locate you in no time.

In addition, Todo was a steward of the Imperial Family. No matter where he was, he was a celebrity in his own right and he has access to all kinds of information. No matter where he ran to in Jurai, he could be traced by his information and scent.

"Let's go! Open your sense of smell!

In an attempt to find out for sure what Todo was doing, Nene moved to the place where she had last seen him - the place where Todo had tricked her and transferred her to Tenju's basement - and tried to find out what he had been doing since he had been dropped underground.

".....? Hmm? What?" The color of Nene's face began to change as she concentrated on her sense of smell. "Hmmmm, GYAAAAAA!!"

It was a scream that seemed to echo throughout the entire residential area. Birds flew away, animals fled to their dens at once and even fish fainted from the tremors of her voice.

"Ringo-sama's room! The room is AAARGH!!" Nene rushed into the storeroom in the servants' office even faster than she had jumped in here and came out with her hands and back full of her favorite cleaning tools. "Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!" Using all the cleaning tools at her disposal, Nene began to clean the room. "How can this get this dirty in just one day?"

In a half-crazed state, Nene was sweeping the floor with a brush. There was no dirt at all that looked like dirt from the outside. The actual fact was that there was not a lot of room for error, even for a mother-in-law who enjoyed snaring her daughter-in-law, but Nene, with her sense of smell on full display, felt that the place was a dump.

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“Todo-sama, we're right on schedule.” One of the female officers, who had been monitoring the area from a safe distance away from Nene's sense of smell, said with a small sigh.

They were in one of the control rooms, set up in secret from Nene to assist Ringo in her work. This was the place to go when you didn't want to be disturbed, especially by Nene.

“It was worth having a yakiniku party for all of us.” Todo said with a sober expression on his face.

“It was a little too much, don't you think? Of course, we were delighted to receive the rarely available special meat from the royal family's own farm...”

“The indoor grilling was a bit much for her…” The ladies looked at Todo with reproachful eyes.

Of course, the smoke had been removed, but there was still the smell of grilled meat and party traces everywhere. Nene, who liked to keep the place clean, was outraged by the situation.

“We can't let Nene interfere with our work.” Once Nene started complaining, it was hard to work because she was so annoying and persistent.

“And after the ... ... yakiniku party, you were the ones having a fancy birthday party and girls' night out, right? I'm sure Nene is very confused.”

“Damn! That's true, but...” The court lady looked away awkwardly.

“I'm not blaming you, miss. I'm not blaming you. I'm the one who told Ringo-sama to get rid of her food reserves because they had become overstocked. Besides, I thought it was time to do some cleaning in the palace.” Todo said calmly as he looked at the women who could no longer complain.

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“Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!”

Nene seemed to be having a good time as she cleaned with a furious, but sometimes delicate, effort. The grim expression and negative aura of the past have faded.

She polished every nook and cranny of the house, from Ringo's area to the servants' rooms, and then, as if she couldn't get enough of it, she started polishing the exterior walls and roof.

And a dozen hours later ...

“Huh. .....”

After the cleaning was completed, Nene wiped off her fresh sweat and looked at the shining mansion, smiling blissfully.

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“The work seems to have been completed. ..... But then again, doesn't she have the ability to learn?”

“As a colleague, I'm a little worried about her future, falling for the same trick over and over again.”

“That's one of her virtues.” Todo gazed at Ringo's beautifully polished mansion and smiled with satisfaction. (You can kill three birds with one stone: dissipate Nene's anger, deal with the stockpile, and clean up the mansion.)

“Well, yes, ...”

The woman who answered in a puzzled manner put her face close to the colleague next to her. “I hope she doesn't get tricked by a bad guy.” She whispered in a low voice, and all of her colleagues in the room gave a small nod of approval.

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“What a feeling!”

Just as Todo had hoped, Nene's anger at him had faded from her mind and was forgotten.

(I have to take a bath after I'm done with the cleaning equipment. I've worked up a good sweat.) Nene happily began to put away the cleaning tools.